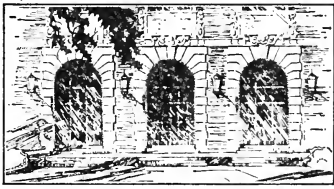
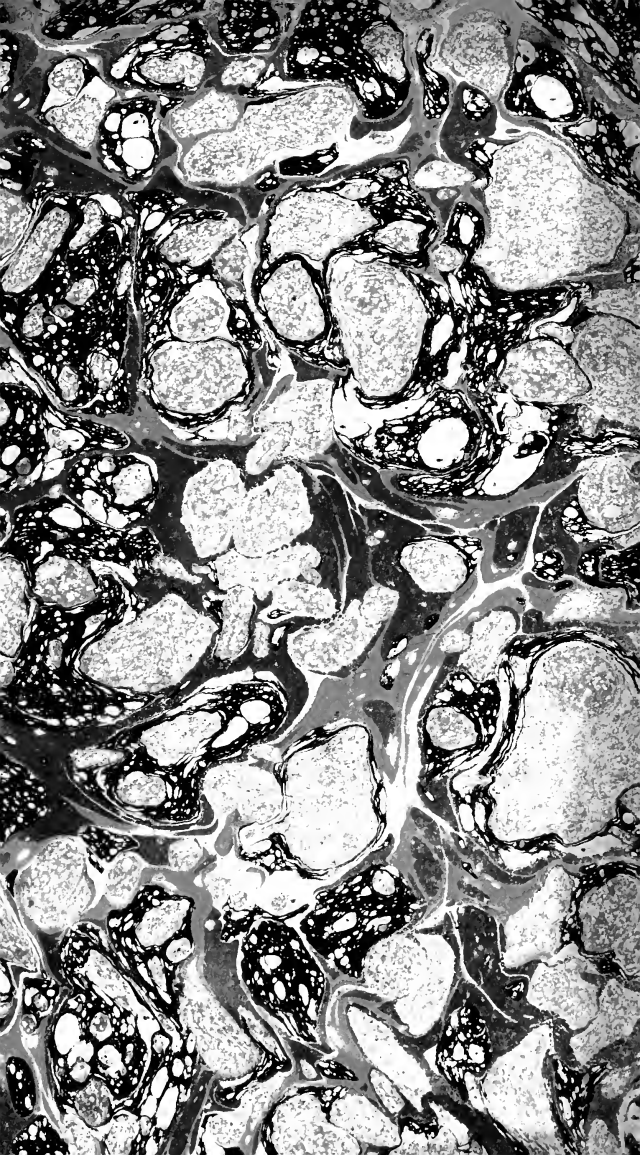




LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

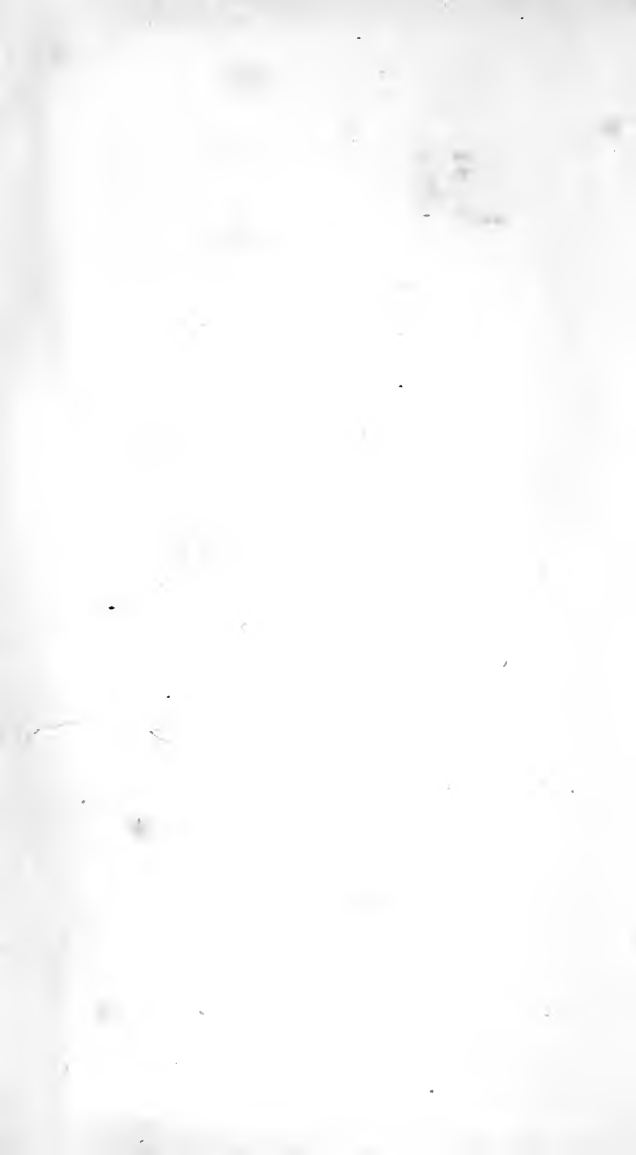
BOOKSTACKS







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign







THEODORE;

OR,

THE ENTHUSIAST.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland-Street, Strand.

W. Arnold.
THEODORE; *1819.*

OR,

THE ENTHUSIAST.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1807.

CLIFF

823
T 3422
v. 4

THEODORE;

OR,

THE ENTHUSIAST.

BOOK SEVENTH,

CHAPTER I.

Anch' io sono pittore.

IT is the prevailing mania of the present age, to assert a proud superiority over every former period of the world; and, in order to establish this claim with greater facility, the partisans of modern improvement begin by treating, either as fables or prejudices, every principle and opinion which was held in veneration by their less enlightened ancestors. Indeed, to such

an extent are these pretensions carried, that it is no unusual thing for critics to maintain, that they are more competent judges of the writings and philosophy of ancient Greece, and more thoroughly acquainted with the actions and characters of her leading men, than either Xenophon, Thucydides, or Longinus, though they came into the world more than two thousand years after the destruction of the Athenian republic, and consequently cannot possibly possess any information on those subjects, except what is conjectural, or traditionary. The former, however, is a most prolific source, and can never fail, so long as it is supplied from the inexhaustible fountain of self-conceit.

This absurd, and unsatisfactory system, derived its origin from the vanity of the French; from whence it spread, with incredible rapidity, over the greater part of Europe, and now flourishes, in full bloom and vigour, in northern Germany.

It is far, however, from my intention to

enter the lists with those doughty champions, from whose creative genius, volumes fall as copiously as the autumnal leaves from the agitated oak. All that I shall at present attempt, is to rescue epic poetry from the humiliation it endures, by being confounded with the humble class of novels and romances. Though, if I were to consult my own interest, I ought to embrace the opposite side of the question; since, what could be so glorious as for the author of a novel to exclaim, like Correggio: *anch'io son epico!*

I am perfectly convinced, that neither Fielding, nor Richardson, ever looked on themselves in the light of epic poets, though they both hold a very distinguished place in the estimation of all men of taste and feeling. Nay more, I am far from thinking, that they would have considered the title as a flattering one; and for this simple reason: 'because they must have shared it with the authors of Tom Thumb, and Jack-the-giant-killer. There is no

drawing a line. If one is an epic poet, so are the others also.

Accustomed, as I have ever been, to accord the honors of the epopee to a distinguished few, I am scarce less surprised at hearing Tom Jones and Clarissa called epic poems, than I should be to find the country *mason* decorated with the title of *statuary*, because he employs the same tools as Praxiteles did.

That there is more of genius and imagination in the *Telemaque* of Fenelon, than in the *Henriade* of Voltaire, I believe no one, except a Frenchman, will deny. And yet the latter is certainly an epic poem; since it possesses every essential requisite, those only excepted which the true spirit of poetry can alone impart; but, for the want of which, neither nocturnal druggary, nor the most slavish adherence to all the rules of Batteaux and Bossu, can compensate.

It is odds that whatever is absurd, either in morals, politics, or literature, may be

traced to the innovating vanity of the French. For how is it possible so often to deviate from the beaten track, without being bewildered in the pathless desert? The love of novelty is a most dangerous passion; and has, perhaps, led as many of its votaries to destruction, as all the other passions put together. For when we rashly resolve to reject whatsoever prudence and reflection have transmitted to the world, under the sacred seal of experience, we stand, at best, on slippery ground; and one unwary step is sometimes sufficient to plunge us irretrievably into the gulph of perdition.

Examples of this kind have been supplied so abundantly in our own time, that it can hardly be necessary to adduce any additional proofs. I shall, therefore, abandon the extensive regions of politics and philosophy, to abler pens, and conclude with a few more observations on poetry.

Nothing can be more natural than for a people, who arrogate to themselves the

highest honors in every branch of science, to feel ashamed that they alone of all the polished nations, should be excluded from the honors of the epopee, while Milton disputes with Homer the palm of sublimity, and Tasso almost equals the Mantuan bard in harmony of numbers, and purity of style. Germany too can boast of a Klopstock, and Portugal of a Camens.

Such an humiliation was not to be endured; and as the genius of France in vain attempted to rise to a level with the epic muse, the epic muse was, in consequence, degraded to a level with the genius of France; and, in order the more plausibly to effect this arduous enterprize, the authority of Aristotle was again produced; whose writings, like the Sybilline leaves, afford a solution for every difficulty, and whose decrees are as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians.

For my own part, I am acquainted with one book only, the precepts of which are infallible; nor do I consider myself as

being liable to the imputation of heresy, though I refuse to bow with implicit deference to the opinions of any critic on earth. On the contrary I shall persevere in thinking that neither *Grandison*, *Tom Jones*, nor *Telemachus*, are epic poems, although they are declared to be such by the French Academy, the Conservatory Senate, or even by the Emperor himself.

CHAP. II.

In which the reader becomes acquainted with a devotee.

AT the conclusion of the preceding volume, we left our hero in ecstasies. His heart gave way to the tenderest emotions, while he sympathized in the happiness of those he so dearly loved. Nor was he less delighted with the fresh proofs he had received of Leonora's attachment. The cloud, which had so lately obscured his prospects, seemed now to be dispersing, and a transient gleam of sun-shine gilded the cheerful scene,

Nothing material, however, occurred during several weeks, till at the concluding concert old Greiffenburg, according to custom, gave a ball and supper. Theodore had just finished a dance with Leonora, and was gazing on her with rapture,

when her mother, tapping him gently on the shoulder, desired he would follow her into another room. No sooner were they removed from public observation, than seating herself on a sofa, and making signs to Theodore to do the same, she thus began:

“ I have long remarked with regret your assiduities to my daughter, though I have never before found a convenient opportunity of conversing with you upon a subject so deservedly interesting to my heart. And now I will not attempt to disguise my real sentiments, but will treat you with all the candor and tenderness of a parent.

“ Did your union with Leonora depend solely upon me, the happiness of my child would be my chief consideration, and the moment I was satisfied upon that subject, my consent would be no longer withheld. But as affairs are circumstanced, I foresee a thousand impediments in your way. There is one point, however, which re-

quires further explanation, before I can agree any longer to countenance your pretensions, and on which I expect your answer without the smallest reserve."

Theodore having promised every satisfaction that he was able to give, she again resumed.

"From the beginning of our acquaintance, I have always understood that you were designed for the church, and that your father had already taken his measures accordingly. Now it is proper to consider, what he will say to a project, which at once defeats all his former plans."

"Would to heaven", cried Theodore interrupting her, "that this were the greatest obstacle, which I had to encounter! were you acquainted with my father, my dear madam, you would not doubt the consenting to any proposal, which seems likely to promote the happiness of his children; for his heart is the exact counterpart of your own, the seat of religion, of honor, and of benevolence; besides, he never shewed

any inclination, that I should embrace the monastic state, but rather consented reluctantly to my doing it, because he thought that my heart was entirely set upon a convent. As he had then no object in view, except my future welfare, I am persuaded that he will acquiesce with equal facility in any other plan, which seems better calculated to secure it."

The appearance of Humphrey put an end to this conversation, and Theodore, perceiving that there was no hope of renewing it, returned again into the ball room.

It was late before the company separated, but just as they were on the point of retiring, a dispute arose between Humphrey and a young man, whose name was Dieling. Heated with wine, the latter insisted upon continuing the ball, after the music had ceased to play. The *hofsirath* having already quitted the room; Humphrey very properly interfered, but unfortunately the warmth of his temper, induced him to make use of some expressions, which Dieling

thought fit to resent, in language that drew fresh reproofs from Humphrey's mouth; thus by degrees, the quarrel assumed a serious aspect, till worked up to the highest pitch of indignation, the intoxicated youth, seized a sword that lay within his reach, and made a thrust at his antagonist. Theodore was standing by, and having fortunately a cane in his hand, struck down the sword, when several other gentlemen interfering, Dieling was forced out of the room in a violent rage.

Theodore's arm was slightly grazed in the affray. Trifling, however, as the wound appeared, it afforded Humphrey an opportunity to display more feeling, than a character like his might be supposed to possess. Leonora too turned pale as death, at the sight of her lover's blood, and would probably have fainted, had not her mother, who attentively watched all her motions, allowed her time to recover, by sending her for a handkerchief to bind round our hero's arm. Leonora understood her

meaning, and summoning up all her resolution, returned again in a few minutes, sufficiently recovered to perform the office of a nurse with tolerable composure.

The noise and bustle, which this scuffle created, had reached old Greiffenberg's ears, who hurried down in his night gown, slippers, and velvet cap, to investigate the cause. No sooner was he made acquainted with what had happened, than pressing Theodore in his arms, he loaded him with thanks, calling him the preserver of his darling son; the rest of the family followed the example of their head, overwhelming our hero with real, or fallacious caresses. Humphrey, however, felt the liveliest gratitude towards his protector, and following him into the passage, embraced him tenderly, saying, "my dearest friend, how shall I ever requite this important service?"

"Call it not such," answered Theodore, in a trembling voice, "since to have been useful to Leonora's brother, is in itself a sufficient reward."

“ I understand you, replied Humphrey, and will not misuse your confidence ; henceforth you may consider me as your firmest *friend*, and happy should I be, were I enabled to call you by a still dearer title.”

“ Let me aspire to that,” resumed Theodore pressing his hand, “ and I shall be repaid a thousand fold.”

At this critical moment George Greiffenberg passed; but as he took no notice of either, Theodore flattered himself that he had not attended to what they were saying, though he was near enough to overhear every word.

The apprehension of a discovery, however, continued to torment him, yet he attempted to console himself with the pleasing idea that Leonora's father no longer viewed him in an unfavourable light, and persuaded himself that the only obstacle which now existed was the uncertainty of his future destiny. But this he ceased to consider as an unsurmountable:

difficulty ; since he was convinced that he should soon be raised to an honorable independence through the powerful patronage of the Steinfeld family.

While indulging in these delightful visions, Humphrey entered to renew his thanks, and protestations, and to propose a walk after dinner with Leonora to the garden. This appeared to Theodore so unequivocal a mark of friendship, that without further hesitation he laid open to him his whole heart.

Humphrey, after listening with the greatest attention, repeated the assurance of doing every thing in his power to forward his suit.

“ Be not, however, too sanguine in your expectations,” he added, “ for I fear you will meet with considerable opposition from my brother and his wife ; both of whom possess much influence over my father’s mind. Let me advise you, therefore, to conceal your attachment from them with the greatest care. Nor will this

prove so arduous a task as it may at first appear, since George mixes little in the world, and his wife spends almost all her time between her confessor and her prayers."

At the usual hour Theodore repaired to the garden, and was met by Leonora at the gate, with a countenance expressive of the most animated tenderness, and beaming with intelligence. The lovers immediately retired to their favorite arbor, while Humphrey took his station in the summer-house, which commanded a view of the road. This time, however, Theodore was not suffered long to enjoy the charms of a *tete-a-tete*, as Humphrey came running with the disagreeable intelligence, that George and his wife were coming. Scarce a moment was left for deliberation. To conceal our hero would be difficult, if not impracticable; and should he be discovered, after attempting to hide himself, a thousand surmises might arise. It was accordingly resolved to face the enemy boldly, as the

presence of Humphrey seemed to afford a very satisfactory plea, for Theodore's being there.

Leonora opened the door, and assuming an air of composure, introduced Theodore to her sister-in-law, who notwithstanding his intimacy with the rest of the family, had never been formally presented to Mrs. G. Greiffenberg. "This," said she, "is the gentleman to whom we are so much indebted for the preservation of our dear Humphrey's life."

"I think I have seen him before at our concerts," replied the devotee, with a sniff of the nose.

"Nothing more probable," added Humphrey, "for he is a constant performer there."

Theodore bowed in silence, while he contemplated the figure before him, with a wondering eye; the reader, in his place, would no doubt have done the same, but as he is deprived of that pleasure, a faint description, must compensate for the loss.

Mrs. George Greiffenberg was penitence personified. Her figure, which was long and lank, seemed to announce a temper crabbed, and peevish in the extreme. Indeed, so much was she emaciated by castigation, fasting, or some other cause, that she had less the appearance of human being, than of a walking skeleton covered with skin, which hung in fallow bags, over her large and projecting bones. Her eyes, which were small and dim, lay burried in their concave sockets, overshadowed by white and bushy brows, which in spite of their amplitude, were scarcely to be distinguished from the yellow forehead. Add to this, a sharp turned up nose ; a long and pointed chin ; thin pale lips ; a wide mouth, scantily furnished, with black and broken teeth, and you will still entertain but an imperfect idea of the lady's charms, with whom Mr. G. Greiffenberg was compelled to share the nuptial bed.

The qualities of her mind, will hereafter unfold themselves, in the course of the

ensuing chapters, we shall therefore be silent on that head, contenting ourselves with observing that of all her good qualities, the one which she prided herself most upon was that of chastity. How far there was any intrinsic merit in this sacrifice, we leave to the reader to decide, for we are not among those rigid enemies to human gratification, who believe every privation to be commendable, but have sometimes been led to suspect from the characters of those who are the loudest advocates for prudence, that there are VIRTUES OF NECESSITY, AS WELL AS OF CHOICE.

Her husband was tall, and awkward; but his countenance seemed rather to express the cares and vexations of the world, than to indicate any bad, or malevolent passions.

The ceremony of a presentation being over, Mrs. G. Greiffenberg renewed the conversation, by addressing Leonora thus:

“ Well I protest, I had no notion of finding you in such agreeable company, or

I should never have thought of disturbing you."

Leonora. "I hope you cannot doubt of my being always happy to see you and my brother."

Mrs. G. Greiffenberg. "You were in fine spirits, sister, last night. But how should it be otherwise, all things considered?"

Humphrey. "Every body seemed in good humor, I thought."

This remark was evidently intended to relieve Leonora, but the devotee was not so easily silenced.

Mrs. G. G. "Every one perhaps had not *equal* cause to be so."

Humphrey. "It was their own fault then."

Mrs. G. G. "Baron Globerg was then to blame, I suppose, if he found nothing to charm him in your sister's behaviour."

Leonora. "I did nothing, I flatter myself, that was uncivil, either to him or any body else."

Mrs. G. G. “ Not absolutely uncivil perhaps. Yet considering the footing on which he is received by the whole family, he might, I think, expect something more than merely not to be treated with incivility. Girls, however, at your age, are too apt to be caught with outward shew, and therefore it is no wonder that a youth of twenty should have the preference over a man of forty, whatever his intrinsic merit may be.”

Then turning to Theodore with a malicious sneer, she continued.

“ You, sir, I understand are designed for the church, and I suppose, by this time, must have almost finished your studies.”

Theodore was visibly embarrassed by this unexpected question, and still more so by the manner in which it was put, but after a moment's hesitation he replied.

“ My future plans, madam, are still unsettled. It is true, that the ecclesiastical profession has been thought of; but

my father, I believe, has not entirely made up his mind."

Mrs. G. G. "Nor his son, either, it seems. Give me leave, however, to say, that, as a true friend to religion, I must hope, that no worldly inclination will draw you away from our holy mother, whose charms are secure against the ravages of age, and who is free from all that caprice and vanity, to which female beauties are so very prone."

As she uttered these words, she cast a contemptuous look on Leonora, for fear the least doubt should remain, with respect to the person for whom they were meant. She then continued the conversation in the same sarcastic tone, as if she had no object in view but to torment those whom she thought more favoured by nature than herself. Charity, however, which forbids us to seek for an unfavourable motive, when a better can possibly be found, may lead us to suppose, that she intended it all for the best; and that being convinced that

penance was essential to salvation, she very humanely undertook to inflict it on those, whom an inconsiderate attachment to sublunary enjoyment would prevent from inflicting it on themselves.

Her husband said little; yet his features seemed clearly to shew, that he was from agreeing in the opinions of his wife; notwithstanding, he was frequently compelled, by an authoritative frown, to give a reluctant nod of approbation to some of her assertions.

Perceiving that the lady was resolved to outstay him, our hero thought it adviseable to take an early leave. Overwhelmed with mortification, he passed the evening in writing to Leonora. After complaining bitterly of his adverse fate, and venting his spleen on the officious devotee, he conjured her to preserve inviolate her plighted faith, assuring her, that although he was capable of encountering the severest trials, so long as she was the reward of perseverance, yet

that the loss of her would inevitably drive him to despair.

The next distress was to find a safe conveyance for his letter; but none better could he devise, than to give it to Leonora's maid, with strict injunctions not to deliver it to her mistress, when any of the family were present.

CHAP III.

Which forms a contrast with the preceding one.

THEODORE had been long meditating in what manner to communicate to his father, his wish to exchange the ecclesiastical profession, for the more lucrative employment of the law. But no sooner did he take up his pen, than the fear of giving uneasiness to so fond a parent, tempted him to defer the execution of his project to some future opportunity. Thus day after day flew rapidly away, without any decisive step being taken; yet, in his last interview with Leonora, he had so solemnly promised to write, that he at length surmounted his apprehensions, and sat seriously down to the reluctant task.

After expatiating at large on the violence of his passion, and alledging a thousand

motives, in excuse, for the fickleness of human nature, he intreated his father, in the most urgent terms, not to destroy, by a refusal, all his prospect of future happiness; protesting, that his attachment could finish only with his existence. He further added, that it was not till after the most rigid examination of his own heart, that he had resolved to renounce the monastic state. But convinced, as he now felt, that Leonora alone could give a charm to life, he ventured to solicit his consent, with the fullest confidence of obtaining it. Yet, should he be deceived in his expectations, and find the best of parents inexorable to his wishes, he was still prepared to make every sacrifice which filial duty could enjoin.

Having accomplished this important duty, all his thoughts again reverted to Leonora. For three successive days, he waited with impatience for an answer to his letter. None however came; but on the fourth morning, Humphrey again ap-

peared, with an invitation from his sister to meet her in the garden.

Leonora received him as usual with the liveliest expressions of tenderness, but blamed him for giving way to groundless apprehensions, on account of what had passed, as her brother's presence, she said, had fortunately removed every real cause for censure. The fears, too, she added, which she had formerly entertained on account of Deborah, were, in great measure, done away, since the adventure at the ball had raised him prodigiously in her father's estimation.

"Your letter, my dear Theodore," she continued, "reached me safely. Yet much as I am delighted with the ardent protestations it contains, I still must chide you for want of prudence; and tell you how much I disapprove the method which you took of conveying it. It is true, my maid is a faithful creature, and loves me, I believe, sincerely. Yet still she is not the person whom I should chuse for a confi-

dante, for that would be the certain means of rendering myself dependent on her. The moment that servants feel their own consequence, their situation, with respect to us, entirely changes. From that time they become our masters, and we must equally bear with their insolence and caprice."

Theodore readily acquiesced in the truth of this assertion, and implored pardon, either through the consciousness of error, or the hope of having it sealed with a kiss.

"Heaven!" cried he, as he pressed her in his arms, "how inferior is our sex to yours? we depend alone on bodily strength for the accomplishment of our greatest designs, but want entirely that acute discernment, which seizes even the faintest shade, and adapts itself with facility to every change."

"A truce to moralising!" said Leonora with a smile, "for I have something to communicate that cannot fail to delight you, and which promises us many days of uninterrupted bliss."

Theodore, as might naturally be supposed, was all impatience, and Leonora after playing with his curiosity, continued thus :

“ It was yesterday decided, that my father shall go for some weeks to drink the waters at Carlsbad, which his physician strongly recommends. My mother will of course attend him, while I am to accompany my friend, Amelia, on a visit to her aunt. Mrs. Helden is one of the best of women, and will receive you cordially for my sake ; so that you may contrive to visit us frequently, as her house is not more than two leagues from the town.”

No intelligence could have proved more welcome than this ; nor was he less pleased to hear, that Leonora had already sounded her friend, and was assured by her, that her aunt would be happy to see him, as often as his more serious avocations would permit.

Half frantic with joy the lovers separated at an earlier hour than usual, as Leonora

was convinced that the success of her project depended absolutely on their own discretion; while Theodore, on his part, was so fully persuaded of the superiority of the female understanding, that he would have submitted, without a murmur, to any injunctions which his mistress was pleased to impose.

Upon his return home, he found a letter from Frederic, in which he painted his felicity in such animated colors, that Theodore grew more than ever enamored of the nuptial state. He mentioned also the departure of Cunegonde, who set off, a few days after the baron's death, with all the valuables she could collect. Of these, he said, it was his intention to leave her in quiet possession, although he was already informed that she had taken a house at Augsberg, which she intended to render convenient to visitors of every description. The letter concluded with the assurance that Theodore might depend upon shortly obtaining a lucrative office in the law, and

was desired to regulate his studies accordingly.

Nothing material occurred till the departure of the Greiffenberg family for Carlsbad, when Leonora set off with her friend. The following day our hero received an invitation in due form from Mrs. Helden; upon which he instantly followed the messenger, and found the three ladies sitting under a spreading beech, while Leonora was reading Kleist's beautiful poem on Spring.

Theodore was enchanted with the cordial reception which was given him by the amiable mistress of this rustic mansion. Mrs. Helden, from her appearance, was approaching fast towards sixty; but time, as yet, had left few marks of decay. Her features were small and regular, still preserving the remains of beauty, and marked with an expression of melancholy, which plainly shewed, that the alteration which had taken place in her lovely countenance, was rather the work of affliction,

than of age. Her looks were in general serene and placid; yet while the smile of benevolence played around her mouth, the tear of sensibility glistened in her eye. From the general turn of her conversation, it was easy to collect that she was neither a stranger to books, nor to the world; for her mind was highly cultivated, her manners polite and affable, and when she spoke of courts or princes, it was with the ease and precision of an old acquaintance, who appeared far more to regret the having ever known them, than being compelled by a change of fortune to abandon them for ever.

The longer Theodore conversed with her, the more he admired and esteemed her; so that at the conclusion of his visit, he would have been puzzled to decide, whether most to respect her for the solidity of her principles, or to love her for the exquisite feelings of her heart. To have remained insensible to her merit, would have argued a total want of discern-

ment, and of all those delicate perceptions which are the offspring of genius and taste. Besides, he was bound in gratitude to behold her with a partial eye, as her behaviour towards him was particularly kind; for scarce had he been half an hour in the house, before she gave him a general invitation, adding, "it was sufficient that he had obtained the good opinion of Leonora, for her to be prejudiced in his favor."

"Go, my children," said she, when she retired under pretence of some domestic arrangements, "and amuse yourselves in the garden till dinner. Mine, Mr. Rosenthal, you must recollect, is nothing more than a farm, but it is the seat, I hope, of freedom and hospitality. For I am a decided enemy to ceremony, and wish every body to be perfectly at home in my little cottage."

Theodore bowed, when Mrs. Helden, turning to Leonora proceeded; "These, my dear, are precious moments, and may

perhaps be among the happiest of your whole life. My destiny"—and as she spoke she wiped away a tear—"has been far from fortunate; for my affections were placed on an undeserving object. May yours, my love, prove less tempestuous! at least, let us not cloud this transient sun-shine, by anticipating evils which may never arrive."

With these words she vanished, leaving her niece and Leonora to accompany Theodore in a walk. The garden was large and laid out with great judgment. Instead of high hedges fantastically distorted by perverted taste, or carved into unnatural forms, the walks were bordered with fruit trees, and flowering shrubs, so artfully disposed that they appeared the produce of nature rather than of study. The beds too were alternately allotted to vegetables and flowers; for as ostentation was totally banished from this romantic spot, no production was thought to be misplaced, which was either useful or pleasing in its kind. The garden opened upon a beautiful lawn,

broken with clumps of majestic oaks, and sheltered to the north by a grove of pines, whose gloomy boughs formed a striking contrast with the surrounding landscape. Mrs. Helden had availed herself of this romantic scenery to erect a little hermitage, where in the heat of summer, she often retired to indulge in those melancholy ideas, to which a tender heart, frustrated in its fondest hopes, is ever prone.

Upon entering this mossy cell, after an hour's ramble, they found a table covered with cold provisions, and the lady waiting to receive them. The repast, though frugal, was perfectly elegant, retracing the charming simplicity of Arcadia. Mrs. Helden herself seemed more than commonly animated, and communicated her vivacity to the whole party. Theodore in particular, listened to her with a sentiment of delight, that he had scarcely ever experienced before, till unable any longer to contain himself, he burst forth in an exclamation of rapture.

Theodore. “ Surely, Mrs. Helden, you are the most extraordinary being in the world. Most persons of your age forget that they were ever young themselves, and by the moroseness of their temper cast a gloom over the innocent pleasures of youth. But you communicate life and joy to all around you, and appear to have no gratification equal to that of witnessing the happiness of others.”

Mrs. Helden. “ It is far more surprising to me ever to meet with people of a different character ; for, in this respect, at least, it is the interest of every one to act as I do. Old age is naturally accompanied with evils enough, without voluntarily adding to the number. For let the advocates of austerity say what they please, I am perfectly convinced that it is impossible to make others suffer from our own ill-temper, without suffering still more ourselves.”

Theodore. “ Yours, my dear madam, is the philosophy of a truly benevolent

heart, and I sincerely regret, that the system is not more generally adopted."

Mrs. Helden. "Happiness is a science which ought to be upon a level with every capacity, and yet few sciences seem to be less understood. The generality of mankind reverse the plan which reason dictates. By endeavouring to make all who depend on them, conform implicitly to their own humor, or caprice, they render them miserable, so far at least, as their influence extends. Whereas, on the contrary, a little indulgence towards the failings of others, and an innocent conformity to those habits, which a lapse of years unavoidably introduces, would engage the affections on the side of duty, and thus give peace and suns-hine to their latter days."

Leonora. "It is easy, my dear madam, to lay down rules of conduct for the world; but who can follow them, unless blessed with a heart and temper like your own?"

Mrs. Helden. "Many thanks for your good opinion, which I shall always be happy to preserve."

Leonora. “If that can contribute to make you happy, no mortal is more so than yourself.”

Mrs. Helden. “Alas! my sweet friend, this world is rarely the abode of permanent felicity. The present moment is all that we can call our own; the rest is involved in impenetrable obscurity. Let me, therefore, seriously advise you never to trifle with happiness, while it is within your reach. When consistent with virtue, do not suffer it to escape; for a few hours are sometimes sufficient to reverse the brightest prospects; and although the morning should dawn serenely, ere night a tempest may arise, to sweep away those treasures, which timid caution has been hoarding up for seasons that shall never come.

“Could man dive into the abyss of time, he would hardly enjoy one moment of repose. Among the blessings, which providence has showered on us, there is none therefore more precious than that obscurity which hides the future from our eye. I speak from

experience, my dear children, for I was once as gay, and free from care, as you are now."

Theodore. "Your lot, I fear, has been a hard one."

Mrs. Helden. "The retrospect of many years, affords me little besides painful recollections. Yet since they are un-mixed with self-reproach, I endeavour to support them with resignation."

"In my sixteenth year, I was commanded to give my hand to a man, whom I never saw, except for a few minutes, till I met him at the altar. His sole recommendation was his fortune; and that was the only one about which my father was concerned. Incapable of those delicate attentions, which give a charm to domestic life, he imagined, that by maintaining his wife in affluence, and allowing her to live like other women of the same rank, he fulfilled all the duties of an affectionate husband to their utmost extent."

"In short, he was, in every sense, of

the word, a *bon vivant*, and the companions, with whom he associated, were exactly of the same cast. Hence our house became the constant seat of riot and dissipation; so that I was often compelled, either to confine myself to my own apartment, or to become the witness of scenes at which female delicacy was shocked. To have been comfortable in such a situation would have required a character far different from mine. Yet I was sensible that I possessed feelings, which would have rendered home an earthly paradise, had I been united to a husband whose sentiments were congenial to my own. Nay more, I will not conceal from you, that I have seen the man whose talents and virtues corresponded entirely with my highest ideas of perfection; but I had strength sufficient to bury my feelings in my own bosom, although my health suffered materially from the conflict.

“ Secluded from all communication with the world, I abandoned myself wholly to

my affliction. Sometimes I had recourse to books for amusement, but as my reading was confined to French authors, it served only to increase my delusion. It was not till after my retirement here, that I became acquainted with the writings of my own countrymen ; in many of whom I discovered more depth of understanding, more solid judgment, and a more indefatigable spirit of enquiry than is usually allowed them by foreigners ; and I have accordingly ever since confined my studies almost exclusively to them.—

“ But I perceive that I am growing prolix ; I will therefore hasten to a conclusion, and content myself with telling you, that my husband beheld with perfect indifference the grief that undermined my constitution. In this state, things continued till his death, which happened about fourteen years after our marriage, when he fell a victim to intemperance. So soon as the period of my mourning was expired, I once more entered into the world ; but the man whom

I should have preferred to all his sex was now married, and my taste for dissipation, if I ever had any, was entirely gone. So I determined upon passing the remainder of my days in seclusion, and purchased this small farm, where I endeavour to do what little good I can among the confined circle that surrounds me. And in doing so, I taste a greater portion of felicity, than I ever expected to enjoy on earth, from the pleasing conviction, that I am not totally useless to my fellow creatures.

CHAP. IV.

More food for melancholy.

PERCEIVING that the simple narrative of her own misfortunes had cast a shade over every brow, Mrs. Helden rose, and said to Theodore: "Leonora will never forgive me, if I engross your conversation during the whole evening, I therefore recommend a walk to you both, while Amelia and I return to our domestic occupations."

With these words she took her niece by the hand, and walked away, without waiting for a reply; and Leonora being now left with her lover, they strolled together into the wood.

"To what severe trials," said Leonora, with a sigh, "has that excellent woman been exposed! for the natural amenity of

her disposition, leads her to cast a veil over many mortifications and pains. I have been told, that there was a period in her life, when her intellects were deranged; and that she continued for several months in that wretched state. Much, also, has she endured from the malice of the world; who, envying the superiority of her talents, invented a thousand calumnies, which had no foundation, except in the malevolent minds of their authors."

"Of this," replied Theodore, "I cannot entertain the smallest doubt; since it is impossible for any thing immoral to take root in so perfect a soil. But such, alas! is too often the destiny of those, whose virtues and acquirements raise them above the common level. Since the groveling multitude, convinced that it is impossible to attain the same distinguished eminence, feel an ignoble gratification in depreciating merit, which they consider as a reproach to their own misconduct."

Theodore now communicated to her the

last letter which he had received from Steinfeld castle ; nor could she contemplate the interesting picture of domestic happiness, which was portrayed in every line, without indulging a hope, that scenes, like those she read of, were in store for them both. During a short interval of silence, which, in moments such as those, is frequently more expressive than any words, Leonora took out a ring, and put it on one of Theodore's fingers. His transports were so excessive at receiving this fresh mark of affection, that he imprinted a thousand kisses on the senseless gem, and as many more on the lips of the lovely donor. Surprized at its fitting so exactly, he enquired how she had contrived to guess the size with so much precision.

“ Thus.” Answered she playfully, twisting a blade of grass round his finger. The mystery was now explained, as he recollected her having done the same thing, when last they met in the garden.

The sun was already set before they

joined Mrs. Helden; when Theodore took his leave.

“Perhaps,” said that amiable woman, as he was about to retire, “you might be able to procure a room at the adjacent village, which would save you many a fatiguing walk, and where you may occasionally sleep without much interruption to your studies.”

The eyes of Theodore glistened with gratitude and delight, as he thanked her in the warmest terms; and so greatly was he overjoyed at the proposal, that he seemed to tread on air, as he hastened back to Ingolstadt.

Unable to sleep, he rose at an early hour to go in quest of a lodging, determined to visit all the adjacent hamlets, rather than give up the pursuit.

Within a mile of Mrs. Helden’s, he overtook a peasant; and inquiring if he could point out any place in the neighbourhood, where a stranger might be accommodated with a bed, the honest rustic replied, with a low bow :

“The public-house is a very indifferent one, and your honor would be shabbily off there.”

Theodore. “But is there no private family that would receive me?”

Peasant. “All would be glad enough to do it for the matter of that, but the difficulty would be how to please you.”

Theodore. “I am by no means nice, my good fellow; and, provided the room be clean, I shall be perfectly satisfied.”

Peasant. “Why in that case, your honor, I have a cottage myself hard by; and tho’ it be but a cottage, ’tis neat; for I spruced it up a little last year. The bed, to be sure, is a hard one; but then it was never meant for such a young gentleman to sleep on. However, your honor had best step and look at it yourself; for it is only across yon field; and if, as how, you can make a shift, why ’tis as much at your service, as if ’twas your own.”

Theodore readily accepted the offer, and found a decent room; the walls of

which had been lately white-washed, and were decorated with prints of some of the most celebrated princes, saints, and generals, of whom the annals of Germany can boast.

“ This,” said Theodore, “ is an apartment for a king, and will suit me to a tittle.”

“ Your honor makes a jest of a poor man,” replied Thomas, with a look of diffidence. “ ’Tis true, we do all we can to get a little forward in the world. But a cottage, will be always a cottage, though you paint and white-wash it to all eternity.”

“ A cottage like this,” returned Theodore, patting him on the shoulder, “ is exactly what I was looking after. So the bargain is concluded ; and if you will only take care that the sheets are clean, and the room well swept, you shall have half a florin every time I sleep here.”

Thomas could hardly be prevailed on to agree to the terms, which he said were much too exorbitant. But his scruples

being soon overcome, Theodore promised to return and take possession of his apartment that very night.

Having settled this important point, he hurried to Mrs. Helden's, where he found the ladies seated under the shade of a spreading oak, and amusing themselves with reading the poems of Kleist.

The sight of this favorite poet never failed to excite our hero's enthusiasm, so that the moment his fair companions had laid down their book, he began by eloquently to descant in his praise, relating various little anecdotes of his life, which he had collected from major Nordheim; who, as the reader will recollect, was the friend and companion of the Prussian Theocritus. After communicating to them many curious particulars, he concluded in the following words:

“Nothing” said he, can more strongly evince the general estimation in which his memory is held, than a ceremony which takes place every year on the anniversary

of his death; when all the unmarried women assemble from the adjacent villages, on the spot where he fell, to decorate a rustic tomb, which is erected there, with garlands of flowers, singing select passages from his own works."

"Let us offer him a similar tribute," cried Leonora rising, and gathering a handful of roses and honey-suckles, which she scattered on a mound of earth, the form of which might easily be mistaken for sepulchral.

"You are anticipating a pious duty," said Mrs. Helden, with a look beaming with angelic serenity, "for that is the very spot which I have chosen for my own grave. When I am no more, and you both are as happy as love and innocence can make you, promise me sometimes to visit this rustic tomb, which will then hold all that remains of a departed friend."

There was something so solemn and unexpected in this short address, though delivered with all the dignified composure of

conscious virtue, that every countenance betrayed a blended expression of admiration and grief.

Observing how deeply her young friends were affected, Mrs. Helden attempted to turn the conversation to topics of a less serious nature. Her efforts, however, proved ineffectual. Every fibre of the heart had assumed the tone of sorrow; and all the pleasures and triumphs of the world were equally ungenial to its feelings. She, therefore, suffered herself gradually to be carried along by the current, till every faculty of her soul beat in perfect unison with the prevailing sentiment, and wandering into those unknown regions, from whose gloomy confines no traveller ever yet returned, she gave unbounded scope to fancy.

“How many are there in this world,” said the amiable woman, “who look on death as the greatest of calamities, though in fact, it proves such to the wicked alone. For who can seriously examine the gloomy catalogue of misfortunes to which this ex-

istence is exposed—the privation of sight—the derangement of reason—the loss of friends—and not implore from providence a speedy termination of those afflictions, which nothing but unlimited confidence in the divine mercy could teach us to support. Besides, how consoling is the idea of being inseparably united to those we love, in the abode of eternal joy.”

Theodore. “ Of all the hopes which religion presents to man, none appears to me more seducing than this.”

Mrs. Helden. “ It is, indeed, a delightful prospect; and is alone sufficient to give a charm to virtue, which no heart can resist, that ever loved sincerely. Without this conviction no human fortitude could enable us to outlive a separation from our dearest connections, or to behold those ties dissolved, to which affection clings by the united bond of habit and esteem. But if we believe the disunion to be only temporary, and are persuaded that in regions of unsullied bliss we shall meet the

spirit of our departed friend, cleansed from all earthly imperfections, and unsullied by those wants and passions to which the best are liable in this defective state, our hopes revive, our fears subside, our grief is mitigated, and death may thus be truly said to be deprived of its keenest sting."

Determined to put an end to a conversation, which awakened recollections too painful to be endured, she retired with her niece, appointing Theodore and Leonora to meet her in the hermitage, a little before nine. Strolling carelessly in the grove, the lovers seated themselves beneath an oak, and pressing each others hands, remained lost in silent reflections. Every thing around was calm and tranquil. The radiant glow of the setting sun diffused a ruddy tint o'er the thick and closing branches, while the evening breeze played in gentle murmurs among the rustling leaves.

With emotions too pure for utterance,

Theodore contemplated the face of nature, when a wren flew out of an adjacent bush. Instantly approaching the spot, and putting aside the branches, he discovered a nest with five eggs.

“ Let us remove to another place, my love,” said he, in a voice expressive of the finest sensibility, “ lest we should disturb a mother in her tenderest office.”

Leonora rose in silence, though her looks plainly indicated that she partook in all his feeling, and loved him for them, if possible, still more. A tear glistened in her eye, but as she was about to wipe it away with her handkerchief, Theodore caught her hand, “ Suffer me,” he cried, “ to kiss those pearly drops, the precious marks of sensibility and affection.”

Unable to reply, she sunk upon his breast, but recollecting herself in an instant, and perceiving that the evening was closing rapidly, she started up, saying, “ It is time to join our friends.”

With these words, she took his arm,

directing her steps towards the hermitage. As they skirted the wood, they passed a bush that was covered with roses. Theodore gathered a sprig on which there were two, and was on the point of dividing them, when she snatched them from him, and placing them in her bosom, "They shall not be separated," said she, "for who can answer for their sensations, or affirm that plants are senseless. No, they have lived in harmony, and together shall they die."

"I have been reflecting, my children," said Mrs. Helden, whom they found sitting on a green bench, near the door of the hermitage, "on the different situations of life, and endeavouring to balance the good and evil in which it abounds. The inference, which I have drawn, is this, that the majority of mankind owe their misfortunes to their own imprudence. Providence, in general, has been sufficiently bountiful to us all. But, alas! we too frequently reject her blessings, in pursuit

of some chimerical project which we are never able to attain, or which if attained, proves totally inadequate to our expectations. For example, how happy are you both in the pure enjoyment of innocent affection."

" So much so," answered Leonora, sighing, " that a prophetic warning tells me it cannot last."

" Do not indulge these gloomy ideas," said Amelia, " but come and share the strawberries, which we have been gathering, while you were idling, the lord knows where."

Upon entering the hermitage, a neat collation awaited them, consisting of fruits, cakes, and cream, to which they sat down with as much glee, as the most luxurious alderman could have done to a barbicued pig, crimped salmon; or any other delicacy on which the unfeeling glutton feasts, unmindful of the tortures which an animated being has undergone, in order to excite a fictitious appetite, long appalled with dainties.

"She comes! she comes!" exclaimed Theodore, in ecstasy, as he beheld the moon emerging from behind a murky cloud, "See how the shrubs and flowers glisten with the dew, and exhale a sweeter perfume from the refreshing moisture."

"Such," said Mrs. Helden, "is human life. Let Theodore's example, therefore, teach you wisdom, and when the clouds disperse, catch, like him, at the first gleam of light."

CHAP. V.

A Cottage.

THEODORE found his honest landlord fast asleep on a bench before the door of his cottage. Awakened by the noise of steps, Thomas started up, and pulling off his cap, began bowing and scraping to the ground.

“ I am sorry, my good friend,” said Theodore, “ to have kept you up so late, but I was detained much longer than I imagined.”

“ Your honor, is two good,” replied Thomas with a profound reverence, “ but I was just as comfortable here, as I should have been in bed, and as quiet too into the bargain. Lord love you, why this is not the first time, that I have passed the night here. Indeed I don’t know how it happens, but

it always seems to me that a man sleeps soundest in the open air. But your honor must have need of repose, so I'll just run for a candle and shew you to your room."

"I have no occasion for any thing," returned Theodore, walking up the few steps that led to his chamber, "the moon will light me sufficiently."

As the room was not over crowded with furniture, our hero was in little danger of breaking his shins against any of those ornamental encumbrances with which fashionable houses are stuffed; nor was the bed so high, but it might easily be reached without the aid of those steps, by which indolence ascends her accumulated mattresses.

For some time he leaned on the window, contemplating with pleasure the tranquil landscape, as it was beautifully illuminated by the silver moon: Mrs. Helden's white house was still visible, and he could plainly distinguish a candle in one of the upper windows, which his imagination

instantly suggested to be the apartment occupied by Leonora. A circumstance like this could not fail to excite a thousand visionary ideas, in which his creative fancy might possibly have indulged till the return of day, had not the sudden disappearance of the light extinguished hope, with all its train of concomitant joys.

At an early hour he was awakened by the lowing of cattle, the cowherd's horn, and the cacklings of geese, and every body seeming to be in motion below, he thought it high time to dress himself.

"By my faith!" cried Thomas, as he entered the kitchen, "your honor rises by times. I thought you gemmen never left your beds so soon. Come, Nan, I say, and make his honor a curtsey, for thof he be so much above us, he is as gentel and obliging, as if he had been bred a farmer."

The good dame wanted little encouragement, but addressing our hero with all the natural politeness of a benevolent heart, desired him to partake of her breakfast.

“Would you affront the gemman?” cried Thomas reddening at the familiarity of his wife; and then turning to Theodore, he added “you must excuse her, sir, for the poor woman is quite a novice to good-breeding.”

“Be assured,” replied Theodore, “that no excuse is necessary; on the contrary I am obliged to her for her attention, as there are few things which I like better than porridge.”

Having said this, he took up a wooden bowl, and swallowed the contents with as good an appetite, as if he had been at plough the whole morning.

Nancy, who was endowed with all the curiosity of her sex, was sadly puzzled to divine what motive could tempt a young man, of so genteel an appearance, to inhabit such a cottage as theirs; and his unassuming manners having in some degree conquered her timidity, she determined not to rest, till she had discovered the secret.

To her repeated questions, however, he simply replied, that he had long promised to pay a visit to Mrs. Helden, and her house being full, he preferred sleeping in the neighborhood, to the fatigue of returning every evening to Ingolstadt.

Scarce had he pronounced Mrs. Helden's name, than his hostess broke forth into the most grateful effusions of praise.

"Never surely," said she in the warmth of her heart, "was there such a good soul before; and while it pleases God to spare her life, no one in the parish can want a friend."

"Would you believe it, sir, the dear lady came herself to see me in my lying-in, when I was so bad, that I'm sure I must have died, but for the good things she sent me. Since that day, she never passes, without my praying to St. Anne for a blessing on her head. Lately I have met her with two young ladies; one of whom is her niece, and the other they say is the daughter of

one of the richest gemmen at Ingolstadt. But I sees no reason to think so, being as how she's no prouder than if she had always lived in a cottage."

This subject was so gratifying to our hero's feelings, that he would never have stopped her, and the poor woman was so delighted to hear herself talk, that there was no chance whatever of her silence, when she was suddenly interrupted by the entry of Mrs. Helden and her two friends. "We are come," said she to Theodore, "to shew you a charming prospect, which you have never yet seen, and then to carry you home with us to dinner."

She now made some enquiries after Nancy's health, gave a kiss and a cake to each of her children, and then set out on the projected walk, which could not have failed of proving a pleasant one to Theodore, had he been traversing the Hanoverian heaths, instead of the romantic vallies of Bavaria.

The day passed as agreeably as the

former. Between music, conversation, and exercise, not a moment seemed to lag. At night it was thought prudent for Theodore to go back to Ingolstadt, lest his absence should give rise to suspicion. To this he readily assented, upon receiving permission to return the ensuing morning, as early as he chose. But his heart revolted at the necessity of their suspending his visits for some days, as a relation of Leonora's was expected from whom it would be difficult to conceal their attachment, were they suffered to meet in her presence.

The following, however, proved a day of disappointment. The clouds, which had been gathering during the whole night, burst in such copious torrents, that it was impossible to quit the house. Theodore spent the whole morning at the window, flattering himself that it rained too hard to last; till compelled by the declining sun to abandon his project, he threw himself into a chair, and was cursing his adverse stars, when Dolmund entered.

Dolmund. “What alive, and merry, man.” By Jupiter, we were on the point of searching the Danube for you, as we all gave you up for lost. But what in the name of fortune, have you done with yourself since Monday? as no one I have met knew any thing about you.”

Theodore. “I never make a mystery of my actions, though I could have hardly supposed that an absence of three days would have created so much surprise.”

Dolmund. “Well! well! as there’s no secret in the case, I conclude I may hear where you have been.”

Theodore. “Examining the beauties of nature, in which this country so much abounds, and paying an occasional visit to my friend Mrs. Helden.”

Dolmund. “Mrs. Helden! if report may be credited, she is rather a singular friend for *you* to have chosen.”

Theodore. “I see nothing singular in cultivating merit, wheresoever I find it.”

Dolmund. “ May I enquire how long you have been acquainted with this lady ”

Theodore. “ Not long. But what has that to do with the question ? ”

Dolmund. “ More than you imagine ; as in that case you may be a stranger to her real character.”

Theodore. “ No one, that knows her, can mistake it. It is benevolence and charity personified.”

Dolmund. “ Benevolent enough if the world says true. Nay, you need not frown, as if the bare surmise were injurious to her reputation. Though it might have been better for her, had she been equally tender of it herself.”

Theodore. “ This, Mr. Dolmund, requires further explanation.”

Dolmund. “ Mighty heroic ! upon my soul. But as I have no inclination to quarrel about a person whom I never saw, I will for once indulge your weakness, by repeating the rumors which are in general circulation, and then leave you to decide,

how far it may be prudent to declare yourself the champion of her honor. In the first place, she is not only accused of infidelity to her husband, but is said to have lost her reason, for a considerable time, in consequence of a wild and romantic passion."

Theodore. " Mere calumny, you may depend on it. I have heard the story from unquestionable authority, and am persuaded that her conduct was always irréproachable, though she has been exposed to the severest trials."

Whether Dolmund was satisfied with this explanation, or thought the question not worth a dispute, it is not our business to enquire. At all events, he dropped the subject, and after conversing for some time on indifferent topics, left our hero to his private meditations.

CHAP. VI.

The manner of giving is often preferable to the gift.

THEODORE waited with the utmost impatience for a summons from Leonora, which did not arrive till the fourth morning, when he flew to Mrs. Helden's on the wings of love. In his way thither, however, he called at the cottage, where he found Thomas in the chimney corner, silent and dejected. His wife sat opposite to him, leaning her head on her hand, in the pensive attitude of despair.

“What's the matter, my honest friend?” said Theodore, addressing the husband in the captivating tone of humanity, “that you appear so much out of spirits.”

“Lack-a-day, your honor,” replied the rustic with a deep sigh, “we are quite undone, and have nothing for it but to die.

All the corn, that should support us through the winter, has been destroyed by the storm, and thof we plough up the field again, and sows rape or vetches, for an after-crop, that wont feed my wife and children, d'ye see. The lord alone can tell how we're to pay our rent. Your honor was witness what a fine prospect we had before us. A fairer crop never covered the earth; it did one's heart good to look at it. And there it lies, flat on the ground, little better than muck, as one may say. Alas! it was a piteous sight to see how the hail came pouring down, while we were all on our knees, imploring the Almighty to spare our labors. Heaven defend us! how the lightning fell about us; yet no one seemed to heed it, for they all felt like me, that the flash, which put an end to their lives, would put an end to their sorrows too."

Theodore. "But have you no friend to assist you in your distress?"

Thomas. "Alas! sir, where is the friend who would advance so large a sum

as twenty crowns? And it would cost me full as much as that, to buy a little corn for seed, and a little more to make bread for my family. But as things are, I must either sell my only field, or starve. 'Tis a hard choice, to be sure. For when a poor man wants to get rid of any thing, no one wishes to purchase it, and so at last he is obliged to part with it for nothing, as the saying is. But there's no struggling against fate. The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Here the poor fellow burst into a flood of tears; while Theodore, who was much affected at the story, offered him such consolation as words could administer, for the scanty state of his finances prevented him from following the dictates of his heart.

Hurrying to Mrs. Helden's, he found her in close conversation with an aged peasant, whose countenance bespoke gratitude and sensibility, but who retired upon seeing a stranger.

"I perceive," said Theodore, "that

you have already made one petitioner happy to-day. I trust, however, that your benevolence is not quite exhausted, as I come to plead in favor of my honest host."

"He has chosen an excellent advocate," replied Mrs. Helden with a smile.

"His most powerful plea is his distress," continued the compassionate youth. "Poor fellow! he has not a shilling in the world to purchase corn, and the tempest has utterly ruined the standing crop. The sum that he requires is not a large one; yet moderate as it is, I cannot dispose of it consistently with the rules of common prudence."

Mrs. Helden. "Do you know the amount at which he calculates his loss?"

Theod. "As yet he may not know it himself. He told me, however, that twenty crowns would be sufficient to put him again on his legs."

Mrs. Helden. "He shall have them immediately, but under the title of *loan*. For this I have found to be the most eli-

gible mode of relieving the indigent. The expectation of being one day called upon for repayment gives an additional stimulus to industry; and the money, which is laid aside for this purpose, furnishes a little fund to which distress may recur in case of any fresh misfortune. On the contrary, if it be bestowed as a free gift, it is instantly regarded by the peasant as his own property, and confounded with the common profits of the year. Generosity, my young friend, though one of the most amiable qualities that human nature can possess, must be kept under the controul of prudence; since nothing is more easy than to lavish away large sums under the plea of charity, without conferring an essential benefit on those who receive them. Whereas a little, judiciously distributed, may administer comfort to many a bleeding heart."

With these words she retired, and almost at the same moment Leonora entered with Amelia. The heart of Theodore which overflowed with ecstasy, burst forth

into the warmest effusions of admiration and praise ; while the young ladies were so delighted with all they heard, that they desired to subscribe their mite to honest Thomas's relief.

Leonora then proposed a walk, by way of convincing her lover, that they also had been no little sufferers from the hail. To the extent of the mischief she was, however, as yet herself a stranger, having been prevented, either by company, or the weather, from wandering far from the house.

When last they visited the garden together, every plant bloomed luxuriantly in fragrant beauty ; but the hyacinths were now cropped, the rose buds hung withering on the broken stalks, while the faded leaves lay scattered on the ground. In a word, the desolation was complete ; and by conveying to the mind a striking image of universal ruin, contributed to awaken sentiments of benevolence and awe.

“ How uncertain,” cried Theodore, as

he gazed around, "is every human blessing!"——

"What, always moralising! always drawing conclusions destructive of present enjoyment from every casual occurrence!" said the tender Amelia, stifling a sigh. "But a truce to melancholy; let us join my aunt, for I conclude Mr. Rosenthal would wish to be present during her conversation with Thomas."

Scarce had they entered the house, when the honest fellow was announced. Unconscious of the business for which he was summoned, he appeared a good deal embarrassed; for although thoroughly acquainted with the unlimited benevolence of Mrs. Helden's heart, he was already indebted to her for so many favors, that he dared not calculate upon any addition to the list; nor did his courage revive when he heard her inquire into the condition of a field, which he rented of her.

"Not a grain will it produce this year," he replied, in a tremulous voice.

She then proceeded to ask various questions concerning the state of his little farm; and having heard him with attention, "I perceive, with pleasure," she said, "that your present distress does not arise from your own negligence; if it had, I should have been the last person to assist you. But to the visitations of Providence we must all submit, however contrary they may prove to our wishes. All that men can do, is to be honest and industrious; and I have no reason, whatever, to suspect you of being otherwise."

She then informed herself minutely of the extent of his loss; and concluded by telling him, that as she had never found cause to doubt his honesty, she would lend him the money he wanted.

"God bless your generous soul," cried Thomas, falling on his knees, "for never was mortal more deserving his blessing. My poor children might have starved for aught any one else would have done, but you were sent into the world to save us all."

Nothing could be more affecting than the artless expression of joy with which these words were accompanied. He laughed, he cried, he prayed, he sung, almost in the same breath, till Mrs. Helden, equally delighted and confused, sent him home to acquaint his wife with this unexpected piece of good fortune. He was followed out of the room by Leonora and Amelia, who though fully convinced of the propriety of Mrs. Helden's system, respecting the due regulation of charity, were unable, in this instance, to conform implicitly to her precepts, but suffered sensibility to get the better of prudence.

During dinner, the conversation very naturally turned on the blessings of wealth, when wisely employed.

“ If I know myself,” said Theodore, “ my bosom is a stranger to ambition. Yet I frequently wish that fortune had been more bountiful towards me ; though I persuade myself, that it is more for the sake of others, than my own.”

Mrs. Helden. “ It is, in that case, a laudable passion.”

Leonora. “ And proceeds from the noblest motives.”

Theodore. “ Heaven forbid that it should originate in selfish gratifications ! So far as elegant simplicity extends, the comforts of life are desirable ; but a table overloaded with expensive dishes, is scarcely less prejudicial to health, than it is repugnant to the feelings of a heart, whose purest enjoyments are those of benevolence.”

Mrs. Helden. “ Your opinion, upon this subject, perfectly agrees with mine ; and I have often experienced the truth of what you say, when partaking of a sumptuous banquet at some of our German courts. On such occasions, it is no uncommon thing for the peasants to be admitted as spectators ; and this permission is called an indulgence, though I should think it could be rarely productive of a pleasurable sensation. For how is it possible for poverty to witness the profusion of

dainties, so profusely lavished at the shrine of luxury, without secretly repining at the injustice of Fortune, which has placed such insuperable barriers between creatures endowed with the same faculties, capable of the same attainments, subject to the same passions, and degraded by the same weaknesses?"

CHAP. VII.

A death-bed scene.

AS the weather was fine, the two lovers again directed their steps towards the grove.

“What a sight is this,” exclaimed Theodore, starting back as he beheld the favorite oak, which had been so often the witness of their plighted vows, shivered by the lightening, and one of its noblest branches lying on the ground.

Leonora turned pale. “May heaven avert the sinister omen!” cried she, “for who can hope to brave the storm, when strength so gigantic fails.”

“Look here!” said Theodore, examining the bush where he had seen the wren’s nest. Leonora, approaching, beheld the mother sitting lifeless on her lifeless brood, and the cock with extended wings, stretched

dead on the bank. Overpowered with sensibility, she sunk upon the stump of a decaying fir, while Theodore, with folded arms, gazed at her in silence; till unable any longer to restrain his emotions, he broke forth in the following rhapsody:

“ There is a secret, but impressive language, if man could read it, in all the dispensations of eternal wisdom. It is written alike in the blazing comet, the wasteful deluge, the impetuous whirlwind, and the insects death. These are all equal in the eyes of omnipotence, though in our limited conception, the singularity of the event, gives to some the appellation of prodigies, while daily habit reduces the others to objects of familiar apprehension.— Although little prone to superstition, I cannot contemplate this melancholy sight, without yielding to a thousand fears. It was no longer ago than yesterday, that your admirer, Globerg, passed my lodgings, in a carriage, with a trunk behind it. I have hitherto forgotten to mention this

circumstance, but it now flashes upon my recollection, accompanied by the blackest cloud.

Leonora. "He is probably gone to Carlsbad, where, my mother informs me, that he is expected."

Theodore. "Expected at Carlsbad? and can Leonora speak with indifference of an event so destructive to all our hopes?"

Leonora. "You seem determined to view every object in its most unfavorable light."

Theodore. "It is true that I never hear the name of Globerg, without a thrill of horror."

Leonora. "Do you then doubt my love?"

Theodore. "On the contrary, my confidence in you is boundless, and I believe every human perfection to be yours. How then can I flatter myself that heaven has selected me for the possession of so inestimable a treasure?"

Leonora. "Reduce the treasure to its

real value, and you will have less cause to despair."

Theodore. "Alas! a sad presentiment whispers to my distracted heart, that we are not destined to be happy."

Leonora. "Trust in the bounty of an over-ruling providence, which dispenses every thing for the good of its creatures. Trust, also, to the unshaken constancy of your Leonora, which no earthly power can shake. Yes, in this awful spot, amid the wrecks of nature, I renew my vow, and call on heaven to witness my plighted faith. Never shall this hand be given to another."

No martyr ever died with greater fervor, than the lovely Leonora displayed, as she uttered this solemn promise, attempting to console the desponding youth with the sweet assurance of inviolable attachment. Every feature beamed with celestial radiance, and a purity of affection calculated to inspire unbounded confidence, and each delightful sentiment that ever sported in the train of love, save that of gross desire.

For all around her was chaste and spotless as the breath of angels.

When they entered the house, a letter was delivered to Leonora. After reading it with evident marks of displeasure, she informed her friends, that unexpected business requiring her father's presence, his stay at Carlsbad would be much shorter than he originally intended, and that he would probably return in the course of the following week.

Though thunderstruck at this intelligence, Theodore resolved to employ the intervening space to the best advantage, by suffering no day to pass without a visit to Mrs. Helden. The impatience, however, which he felt, to receive an answer from Dallenberg, induced him to return that evening to Ingolstadt, where the following letter too clearly explained the fatal cause of his father's long and unusual silence.

My dearest son,

I should have replied to your request by the following post, had it not pleased God to visit me again with so severe an illness, that my life was despaired of for several days. At length, however, the disorder begins to abate, and the physician, who attends me, gives me some hopes of recovering. But my strength is so much exhausted, that I am hardly able to hold my pen.

You know, my beloved child, how deservedly dear you are to my heart. All that I now pray for in this world, is to be permitted to see you again, that I may give you my paternal blessing. We will then converse upon the contents of your letter. But should providence ordain it otherwise, and summon me hence before we meet, I not only send you my full and free consent to marry the daughter of my old friend, but do hereby declare my entire approbation of your choice, as well as of the plan you have formed for domestic

happiness, which I always considered to be the proper state for which a social-being is designed.

As this may be the last time I shall ever write to you, I must once more exhort you to act with integrity in every situation of life. Remember that God observes all your actions, and that even your most secret thoughts are open to his view. Let this important truth be ever present to your mind, and you will then behave towards other men, as you wish them to behave towards you. I have much more to say, but I am too weak to continue, and can only add, that I desire you will set out for Dallenberg, without a moment's unnecessary delay.

Every spark of filial tenderness that glowed in our hero's bosom, rekindled at the perusal of this affecting letter. A flood of tears watered the paper, as he ran it over with a bleeding heart. Yet though he was hardly able to distinguish a word,

he ventured not to read it a second time, lest the fatal truth should be confirmed; for in such a state of mind, the possibility of retaining even an unfounded doubt, is a blessing too great to be parted with. Reflection, however, too soon suggested, that this was to tamper with affliction, and that he had not an instant to loose, if he wished to see his father again. Thus the necessity of active exertion, inspired the requisite energy, while the consent which his dying parent had so readily given to his union with Leonora, shot, like a gleam of sun-shine through the dark and tempestuous sky.

Having collected his shattered thoughts, he procured a horse and rode directly to Mrs. Helden's; Leonora was alone when he entered; he gave her his father's letter, and waited in silence till she had read it.

"Not a minute must be wasted," said she, with visible emotion. "Cruel as the separation will prove, I would not for the world detain you."

“ Alas !” cried Theodore, “ it is indeed a trying moment. To leave you, when I am permitted to enjoy so much of your company ; uncertain too, when fortune will allow me again to behold that angelic countenance, to press those beauteous lips with mine !——But I will not indulge a thought, which unnerves my resolution.—No.”—

With these words he clasped her to his breast, then breaking from her, and mounting his horse, cast a wishful look at the window where she stood, and waving his hand was soon out of sight.

Though he allowed himself scarce time to repose, it was late, on the following evening, before he reached his native village. Alighting at his father's door, he found it shut. Not a soul appeared, nor was any light visible in the front of the house. Trembling he paused before the threshold. His hand shook as he touched the bell ; and upon second thoughts he resolved not to ring it, for fear of disturbing

his father. Fastening his horse to the garden gate, he walked round the house, listening attentively at every window, but not a voice could he hear. Perceiving, however, a faint light in one of the upper rooms, he went to the back door, and raising the latch as softly as he could, he found it open. With a palpitating heart he mounted the stairs. Again he listened. Yet nothing moved. The door of his father's chamber stood a-jar. He pushed it gently, and beheld Charles, Priscilla, and Rachael standing round the bed with their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

His brother no sooner saw him, than he made a motion with his hand for him to approach with caution; lest the emotion, occasioned by his sudden appearance, should prove too violent for their dying parent. Theodore comprehended his meaning, and creeping towards the bed with trembling step, beheld his father pale, emaciated, supported by pillows, and breathing with difficulty, though

he still seemed to retain the use of his faculties. Raising his languid eyes, he no sooner caught a glimpse of his darling son, than he beckoned him to come nearer, exclaiming in accents that were scarcely articulate, " my child !— my Theodore !"

Unable any longer to command his feelings, Theodore ran towards him, and kneeling down by the side of the bed, pressed the parched hand of his father to his lips in an agony of grief.

" God be praised !" said the good old man, " that I am permitted once more to see you.—It was all I asked."

With these words he lifted up his feeble hand, and placing it on the head of his son, he prayed in a low, and fervent tone, for a few minutes, and then making a still greater effort concluded thus, in a voice perfectly intelligible. " May heaven bless thee, my child, and preserve thee steadfastly in the path of virtue. I approve thy plan of studying the law.—But let it

never tempt thee to do a dishonest action.— Be happy with thy Leonora.—And may the blessings of providence attend you both.”

This petition was his last, for no sooner had it escaped his lips, than he expired, without a groan. A general cry of lamentation now filled the room ; for although no one was so deeply affected as Theodore, yet the grief of them all was more loud and tumultuous than his. In speechless agony the distracted youth fell on the lifeless corse, but no sooner did he touch the cold forehead with his lips, than starting back, he clasped his hands, and hurried out of the room without uttering a word.

In about half an hour he was followed by Charles, who found him lying on a bed, his face covered with a blanket. Seating himself by his side, Charles endeavoured by every common-place argument to comfort him. But this was an attempt in which no human eloquence would have

succeeded. "O my father! my father!" was the only answer he could obtain.

At length, however, he was rather forced, than persuaded, to go down, and take some refreshment, of which his exhausted frame stood much in need. But scarce was the supper brought, when Priscilla entered in all the ostentation of fictitious sorrow.

"If *you* weep," cried Theodore, "who have lost but little, and whose affection was bounded, what must I endure who

Unable to proceed, he seized a candle, and flying into his chamber, bolted the door. After walking about in the most violent agitation for a considerable time, he again threw himself upon the bed, but was unable to close his eyes, though both his mind and body were equally in need of repose.

CHAP. VIII.

A Funeral.

WHEN Theodore joined the family in the morning, he found them occupied in preparations for the funeral, which was fixed for the following day. After breakfast he requested to be made acquainted with the particulars of his father's illness, which Charles related, while Rachael, added many interesting details respecting the piety and resignation with which he yielded up his breath, frequently mentioning the name of Theodore, and expressing much anxiety for his arrival. With the calm serenity of conscious virtue, he discoursed about his approaching dissolution, giving directions for his burial with as much composure as if he had been talking on the most indifferent subject ; desiring to be interred by the side of his wife, and

to have a stone of the simplest form placed over their common grave.

Theodore was deeply affected at the melancholy recital, and therefore as soon as the conversation was ended, he retired into the garden, to see if air and exercise would relieve him. After walking some time he felt more tranquil; and returning to his room, wrote the following letter to Leonora:

The best of fathers is no more. But I was fortunate enough to find him alive, and to have him bless our union with his latest breath.

O my Leonora! what a loss is mine! It is dreadful. It is irreparable. He was the kindest parent, the most affectionate friend — I can write no more. My ideas are confused; and I feel as if I was just awoke from a frightful dream. Adieu, my beloved; and remember, that henceforth all my hopes of happiness must centre in thee.

Having sealed the letter, Theodore again repaired to the garden; where he

paced the principal alley with a hasty step, as if rapidity of motion could diminish the violence of grief.

The hour of dinner came, when the family again met, though no one ate except Priscilla; who thinking it necessary to apologize for a good appetite, assured her friends, that she was forcing nature from motives of kindness towards them. In the evening, Charles proposed a walk, in hopes of diverting his brother's attention from the gloomy subject, on which it brooded. But this proved as fruitless as all his other attempts had done; since every circumstance contributed equally to recal their loss. It was to be traced in each surrounding object, but in none more evidently than in the unaffected grief, imprinted on the honest countenance of every peasant whom they met. For old Rosenthal had been a common father to them all.

During the walk, Priscilla spoke of her affliction in terms too exaggerated for real sorrow to employ. Her husband conversed

in more moderate language; while Rachael seemed fully to appreciate the whole extent of her calamity, and expressed herself with a degree of sensibility that won the heart of Theodore.

Worn out with fatigue, he retired to rest at an early hour, and slept soundly, till he was awakened by the noise of workmen in the adjoining room. The business they were engaged in was too manifest to be mistaken. A cold shivering seized his limbs, while every stroke of the hammer vibrated to his ear like the knell of death. Aghast, he started; and falling on his knees, petitioned heaven to grant him strength, proportionate to the trial, which he was that day to undergo.

When he went down to breakfast, he found several of his relations and friends in the parlour, whose swollen eyes spoke keen distress. Walking to the window, to conceal his emotion, he beheld crouds of people assembled in the yard, to pay their last sad tribute to the best of men. The-

odore gazed upon them with a mixed sensation of anguish and delight. For while their unbought sorrow gave additional poignancy to his own, he felt a noble pride in being the son of him, whose virtues were thus honorably blazoned in the unambiguous language of gratitude and love.

At noon, the procession moved slowly towards the church; for in that happy land, neither the impious chimeras of philosophy, nor the extravagant theories of a wild reformer, excluded the dear remains of a cherished friend from consecrated ground. The pall was supported by six old men, whose wrinkled brows, grey hair, and slow, unsteady pace, presented a striking image of decay. Meanwhile, the tolling bell, at stated intervals, broke the general silence. For not a voice was heard, nor noise of any kind, save that of the measured step, and deeply anguished sigh.

As they passed a neat cottage, a woman rushed out, holding a child in her arms. "There, Tommy," said she, in an agony

of grief, "there goes the man who saved us both from starving. Heaven bless him for it, and reward him for all the good he has done upon earth!"

Hear this, ye votaries of wealth and power, and say, if the prostituted voice of adulation, or the proudest mausoleum that Vanity ever raised, can confer distinctions so pure as this?

The church-yard was thronged with weeping multitudes, each of whom brought a funereal garland, the humble tribute of gratitude to a departed friend. When the coffin was let down into the grave, and the earth rattled on it, Theodore was seized with a convulsive tremor. His limbs shook, his sight grew dim, and he seemed sinking lifeless on the ground. His brother, seeing him change colour, caught him by the arm. This at once recalled his senses. In an instant he recollected himself, and summoning religion to his aid, remained firm and motionless at his post, till the mournful ceremony was concluded.

CHAP. IX.

Fresh proofs of fraternal affection, for which the reader may probably be prepared.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the impatience that our hero felt to return to Ingolstadt, yet prudence admonished him to defer his journey, till his father's will should be opened, concluding that this could not detain him long. He accordingly determined to call on Charles the following morning, to whom it belonged, as head of the family, to decide this delicate question, and who was again established in his own house.

“ You are an early visitor.” said Priscilla a little peevishly, as she poured out a dish of coffee for her husband, without offering any to Theodore, “ but I conclude you wish to see the improvements we have made, since you were last in the country.”

“That indeed,” replied Theodore, “is a secondary object; but as I intend to curtail my stay as much as possible, I should wish to know something of the disposition which my father has made of his property, previous to my departure.”

Charles. “I am much surprised at your inquisitiveness, brother; since the profession, which you have chosen, must necessarily exclude you from any share.”

Theodore. “You cannot surely be ignorant that I have given up all thoughts of the church;”

Charles. “Can you suppose, brother, that I have nothing to do, but to concern myself with your ridiculous fancies?”

Theodore. “This is no answer to my question. I must therefore again desire to be informed, if you have not heard my father speak upon this subject? for I am perfectly satisfied that it was never his intention to leave me destitute in the world.”

Priscilla. “I am really shocked to hear you talk in this manner. A youth

of your pious disposition, as our poor dear father used to call you, to abandon the church, after so much money has been spent on your education ; this is a crying shame, let me tell you."

Charles. " You are perfectly in the right, my dear. Such capricies are not to be endured. Besides, he has already had more money thrown away upon him at the university, than would have settled him in a reputable business or life."

Theodore. " It is sufficient for me, brother, that my father thought otherwise."

Charles. " That remains to be proved, and even if he did, some allowance must be made for the weakness of age. However, sir, since you think fit to assume so lofty a tone, I must make bold to tell you, that you are now dependent on me. For wise as you may suppose yourself, you cannot surely imagine, that you are arrived at an age, when it is proper you should be left entirely to your own discretion. Possibly too you may think that

our father died in affluent circumstances, but in this also you are egregiously mistaken. Yet it is certainly right that you should know what you have to depend on, and I will therefore deal openly with you on the subject. Your education, by this time, must be nearly finished. But be that as it may, it is my intention to behave towards you with kindness and generosity; and I shall accordingly continue to pay your expences at Ingolstadt, till midsummer next; after which you must provide for yourself."

Priscilla. "Generous indeed. But as our means are small, let me recommend you to be as economical as you can."

Theodore was so confounded, that he never once attempted to reply, though his prudential sister-in law continued to harrangue in the same edifying style. At length, however, assuming courage he answered with an equal mixture of moderation and firmness, that he asserted nothing which he could not prove, having

lately received a letter from his father, in which he kindly consented to his studying the law. "This too," continued Theodore, "you heard him repeat with his dying breath."

The heavy weight of their affliction had so entirely absorbed all the thoughts and faculties of this amiable pair, that they declared themselves ignorant of every thing which had passed at that awful moment. Convinced, therefore, that no arguments could succeed in persuading those who were insensible to every feeling but that of interest, he contented himself with assuring them, that however adverse he might be to violent measures, he should hold himself justified in taking all proper steps to secure to himself his legal inheritance.

With this declaration he left them; but no sooner was he alone, than he gave way to his indignation. "Was it," cried he, striking his forehead, "the language of a brother that I heard, or the base

suggestions of a heart, rendered callous by avarice to every noble sentiment? I thank thee, O my God!" continued he, with a dignified pride, "that thou hast formed my soul of different materials. In thee alone I confide for succor, for thou art a friend to the friendless, and a father to the orphan!"

Such was the first impression to which Charles's cruel treatment gave rise. But as he gradually cooled, and began seriously to reflect on his unprotected state, the tears gushed afresh in augmented streams. The more he meditated on his future prospects, the less ground she discovered for hope; since he was not only totally unacquainted with the situation of his father's fortune, but was, also, ignorant, whether the money, which had been expended on his education, could be legally deducted from his portion; or, indeed, whether he had a right to any portion at all.

Absorbed in these melancholy reflections, the hours stole imperceptibly away,

till he was summoned, by Rachael, to dinner. Upon hearing that Charles and his wife were below, he, at first, refused to appear; but his sister's pressing intreaties, at length, prevailing, he consented to attend her, lest his absence should be malevolently imputed to a sullen resentment.

Charles received him, to his utter astonishment, with a look of complacency, conversed with apparent good-humour, and seemed totally to have forgotten that they parted so lately on indifferent terms. Priscilla, too, was as gracious as her natural stiffness would permit; spoke without reserve upon family topics; expatiated on the benevolence of her husband's disposition; and on his intention to act towards all his brothers with the greatest kindness and liberality.

The alteration in this good lady's behaviour was too sudden and unnatural to deceive. Even Theodore suspected her motives, and replied in the most guarded terms. Priscilla, however, attributed his

moderation to a different cause, and concluding her hypocrisy to be successful, addressed herself more directly to his feelings, requesting, that he would think no more of any thing that had passed in the heat of argument, for that both she and her husband had already forgotten whatever was grating to their hearts. She further assured him, that all his necessary expences should be defrayed, so long as it should be requisite for him to continue his studies. This declaration, she hoped, would prove perfectly satisfactory, and induce him to lay aside all thoughts of a secular life, as it would be impossible for him to renounce the church, without disgracing both himself and his friends.

Theodore, who was not a little offended at the insult offered to his understanding, in supposing him capable of being the dupe of so shallow an artifice, replied, " That this was a subject which required no further comment, for that his decision was unalterable."

Here the conversation dropped, till Theodore rose from table, when he acquainted his brother, that he intended to return to Ingolstadt on the following day, that he might leave the house for those who appeared so eager to occupy it.

“That is exactly as you please,” said Priscilla, with a toss of the head, and not a little angry to perceive that all her rhetoric had been thrown away. “It is, however, right to inform you, that the will cannot be opened till Baron Steinfeld comes, who will, of course take care of your little pittance.”

“I cannot leave my interests in better hands,” replied the indignant youth, walking out of the house, while his steps were mechanically directed towards his father’s grave.

“Blessed spirit!” he exclaimed, in the bitterness of grief, after being lost for a time in silent contemplation of the venerable spot, “look down from thy sainted dwelling, and witness the cruelty with

which thy son is treated ! Abandon him not to the persecutions of an interested world, but implore for him the protection of that being, who alone can penetrate the thoughts of the evil doer, and frustrate his pernicious designs !”

CHAP. X.

A friend in need, is a friend indeed.

AT the dawn of day, Theodore mounted his horse; and had proceeded some miles on his journey when he met a post-chaise; and immediately recognizing the Steinfeld livery, he called to the postillion to stop.

Frederic insisted upon his getting into the carriage, with which he readily complied; and in his way to Dallenberg, gave an exact account of the manner in which he had been treated by Charles and his wife. More shocked, than surprised at their brutality, the baron declared, that the strictest justice should be done him; conjuring him, at the same time, to be perfectly at ease with respect to his future prospects, as he had fortune sufficient for them both. "Do not imagine," continued he, with all the warmth of affection, "that

you will be laying yourself under any obligations to me. I am, and ever must remain, your debtor; since, through your means, I obtained my Theresa."

Theresa pressed her husband's hand with a look of ineffable sweetness, but said not a word. For she felt that no expressions could convey the feelings with which her heart overflowed.

Charles and Priscilla, who were in the garden, no sooner heard the sound of wheels, than they ran to the gate; but, though they affected to receive their noble guests (as they ostentatiously called them) with the most exaggerated expressions of delight, it was easy to perceive, that they were far from pleased at seeing Theodore in their company; nor was this impression lessened by the studied coldness with which their civilities were returned.

"You seem, sir," said Steinfeld, addressing himself to Charles; "to have treated your brother with an affected air of superiority, (to use no harsher term,)

which would at all times be misplaced, but which is peculiarly offensive when applied to so near a relation."

Confounded at the sternness with which the baron spoke, Charles stammered out an awkward apology, alleging, in his defence, that Theodore's notions were too extravagant to be realised, without ruining the whole family.

Fred. ric. "Depend upon it, that neither you, nor any of the family, shall suffer on my friend's account; nor is it his desire that you should. But give me leave to tell you, that he has an equal right with yourself to a share of his father's patrimony, and in that claim, it is my firm intention to support him."

Priscilla. "The profession which he has chosen must preclude every idea of that sort."

Frederic. "From you, madam, I ask no advice; nor am I surprised at your present conduct, as your behaviour to Theresa, on a former occasion, is still

fresh in my memory. The question, however, will be easily decided; since, if I am not mistaken, a note will be found among his father's papers, which will settle the dispute at once."

At this intimation, Priscilla turned pale, while her husband looked more gloomy than usual. Steinfeld, however, without attending to the change, proceeded:

"For my own part, I shall be more easily satisfied. When I married your sister, I told your father that my own fortune was more than equal to my fondest wishes; and as I think it possible, notwithstanding this declaration, that he may have mentioned Theresa in his will, I again repeat, that she shall accept of nothing except the diamond ring, which he usually wore, and which she values only on that account."

This generous resolution entirely dissipated the cloud from Charles's brow; for though he was no stranger to the baron's design, he could hardly persuade himself

that any human being was sufficiently disinterested, to reject the golden shower which fell into his lap. Even Priscilla's crabbed features were softened into something like a smile; and they would both have expressed their acknowledgments in the most fulsome flattery, had not Steinfeld silenced them by a look of contempt, which plainly shewed, that he was equally indifferent to their censure, or their praise.

Though Theresa possessed more strength of mind, than is commonly the lot of her sex, yet her emotions were too strong to be suppressed, as every object recalled some little circumstance of past felicity. In the garden, she had prepared a rural repast on her father's birth-day; in the parlour, she had amused him with a favourite song. This spot was endeared by the recollection of a present; and that by a paternal embrace. Yet sensible that the tender heart of Frederic would be equally wounded with her own, she struggled to hide her feelings; and so far succeeded, that her

angelic countenance assumed the sobriety of tranquil sorrow, which is the characteristic of piety and resignation.

The first time she was alone with Theodore, she consulted him, in what manner it would be most adviseable to dispose of Rachael, whom she thought it cruel to expose to the sordid insults of so contemptible a being as Priscilla. And having heard from him, that her sister had behaved, upon the late melancholy occasion, with the greatest propriety, she generously declared, that all former differences should be henceforth buried in oblivion; and that Rachael should never want a protectress, while she had a home to offer her.

As Theodore could not reconcile himself to the idea of a longer absence from Leonora, it was resolved to examine the papers of the deceased that very evening. Upon opening his bureau, the first thing which presented itself was a small packet directed thus, "to my dearest Theodore."

After many sensible and affectionate

admonitions respecting his son's future conduct, his father expressly signified his approbation of his studying the law ; and directed him to open a certain drawer, in which he would find a small box, containing a sum of money for his immediate use. Besides which, he was left an equal share of all his property with the rest of his children.

This discovery was an unexpected blow to Charles and his wife ; though they deemed it prudent to conceal their disappointment. For so great is the ascendancy of virtue, that even the meanest souls are over-awed by its superior lustre.

Upon examining the contents of the little box, it was found to contain fourscore ducats.

“ You will consider your father's bequest, my dear Theodore,” said Frederic, “ as destined only for your private amusements, as I insist upon taking all other expences entirely upon myself, and have only to request, that you will omit no opportunity

of improvement, through an ill-judged principle of economy."

Theodore's soul was too full for utterance, but seizing Frederic's hand, he pressed it to his heart with the liveliest expression of gratitude.

The evening was devoted to interesting conversation, when Theodore had the satisfaction of hearing from Steinfield that his uncle had already obtained for him the promise of a lucrative appointment, but to which he would not be eligible till after two years study of the law.

Such intelligence, by opening the most flattering prospects to his ambition, ought to have banished apprehension from the mind of Theodore. But this was by no means the case. A sentiment of depression, which superstition would have infallibly regarded, as the unerring presage of misfortune, but which he more rationally imputed to the recent loss he had sustained, overwhelmed him with grief, and made him view the future through the gloomy medium of despair.

CHAP. XI.

The man, who looks for permanent happiness in this transitory state, grasps at a shadow.

AFTER taking an affectionate leave of his friends, our hero departed for Ingolstadt, where he arrived the following evening. As he dismounted at his lodging, his eyes were mechanically directed towards Leonora's window, but Leonora was not to be seen, though he plainly distinguished her father, who appeared to be watching for something; and no sooner did he catch a glimpse of Theodore, than he suddenly retreated, without taking the least notice of him.

Accustomed to draw an unfavourable inference from every circumstance that admitted of a doubtful interpretation, Theodore could no way reconcile the *hoffrath's* present behaviour with the gracious manner in which he had lately treated him. Again he went to the window in the hope

of seeing Leonora, and again old Greifenberg appeared, as if stationed there for the express purpose of becoming a spy on all his actions.

Theodore's apprehensions were now redoubled, and he dreaded every thing, because he had nothing positive to dread. The first idea that struck him was to go in search of Humphrey; but here again his hopes were frustrated, as after walking about the town for a couple of hours, he was forced to return without meeting him. Overwhelmed with disappointment he threw himself on his bed, but was hardly able to close his eyes, and even when lassitude overpowered his senses, his slumbers were disturbed by frightful dreams. In this state of anxious suspense he continued till the following evening, scarcely ever going to the window without discovering the *hoffrath* at his post. At length he heard somebody ascend the stairs, and the door being opened, Humphrey entered with a disordered air.

“Take this,” cried he, throwing a packet on the table, “for I have not a moment to stay.”

“For God’s sake do not leave me!” said Theodore, “without explaining the cause of your uneasiness.”

“There is no time for conversation,” replied Humphrey, with emotion, “for I saw my father turn the corner, as I crossed the street. But the inclosed letters will too soon reveal your misfortune.”

Having said this, he flew down stairs without waiting for an answer, when Theodore, breaking the seal, with a trembling hand read as follows.

Ingolstadt, August 17th.

I write, my beloved, according to my promise, and shall continue to do so, till we meet, though it is uncertain when I shall find an opportunity of sending my letter. The moment you was out of sight, every prospect of happiness vanished, and my heart sunk under the weight of its affliction.

But why should I be surprized at this?

since every moment increases the distance between us. Yet separated as we are, our thoughts must ever unite by the most powerful sympathy, and while I weep thy absence, I feel assured that thou art thinking of me.

May thy journey prove propitious! may heaven restore thy excellent father to our mutual prayers! Adieu. To-morrow I will continue, but I am at present overwhelmed with business in preparing for the reception of my parents.

18th.

This morning I visited my garden, to indulge in thoughts of past felicity. Ye powers of peace, how happy did I feel, when seated in the arbor, where we have so often talked of our mutual attachment. Every word, that has at any time fallen from thy lips, arose fresh to my memory. Thy presence alone was wanting to embellish the scene, and render my retreat an earthly paradise. But without thee,

I felt solitary and disconsolate as the widowed dove.

Yes, I will confess my weakness, for why should I conceal a thought from my Theodore. As I passed a young lime, I took out my pen-knife, and carved thy name on the tender bark. But while I gazed with rapture on my work, delighted to find how well I had succeeded, I started at the idea of having betrayed our secret ; for should my father discover it, we are undone ! Yet to efface the characters would have wrung my soul. What then could I do, in order to reconcile these contending passions ? While hesitating in what manner to act, I fortunately discovered some earth, so like in color to the bark of the tree, that I was enabled to conceal my labor, without being reduced to the necessity of destroying it ; and it is now only when I am alone, that the beloved name will be any longer visible to a human eye.

19th.

Though it is late, I must resume my pen, for it is only in the silence and solitude of night, that I can now write with security.

At six this evening my parents arrived, accompanied by Globerg. My mother received me with the greatest kindness, pressing me to her bosom with more than usual tenderness. My father, on the contrary, appeared out of humor, and replied in an angry tone to all my enquiries after his health. The moment my mother quitted the room, he assumed an air of still greater severity, demanding in a peremptory voice, if any thing extraordinary had occurred during his absence?

More alarmed by his manner than his words, I replied, after a moment's hesitation, "Nothing, sir, to my knowledge."

"Things then remain exactly as I left them?"

"Exactly, sir."

"I hope they do," rejoined he, sternly,

“ but of that I shall be a better judge to-morrow.”

He then quitted me, with a look which seemed to indicate some doubts of my veracity, and happy to be released, I hurried to my room.

Alas, my dear Theodore, when I combine the severity of my father's treatment with his studied civility towards that odious Globerg, my fears anticipate a thousand evils. The detestable wretch would have taken my hand, when we parted, with the manifest intention of kissing it, but I hastily withdrew it. “ No more of these airs,” cried my father, angrily, and then turning to the Baron, invited him to dinner to-morrow.

After waiting some time with the utmost impatience, I heard my father retire to his own chamber, and shut the door with a violence, that shewed how much he was discomposed. Perceiving, however, that all was quiet, I ventured on tip-toe to my mother's dressing-room, and plainly dis-

covered, from the redness of her eyes, that she had been crying, although she did every thing in her power to hide it. At length, by my repeated importunities, I forced her to confess that my father had treated her unkindly on my account.

“ Never, before,” said the dear woman, “ do I recollect to have seen him in so bad a temper. For heaven’s sake, Leonora, do not think of opposing his inclination, for nothing, I am persuaded, will ever induce him to give up the point.”

“ Pray for your unfortunate child,” cried I, throwing my arms around her neck, “ I will do every thing that I *can* to appease him. Yet should he require a sacrifice to which I cannot consent —

“ Hush! my love,” continued she, interrupting me, “ no rash resolutions, I beseech you. I trust that every thing will turn out for the best; but whatever may be the result, I have the fullest confidence in your affection.”

Thus, my beloved, it is too plain that

we have fresh trials to encounter. Of this, however, rest perfectly secure, that your's I am, and only yours.

20th, ten o'clock.

What a dreadful interview have I undergone! God alone knows how I survive it. O Theodore! my beloved Theodore! where can I find words to paint the horrid scene? how collect my spirits to relate it?

Upon entering the parlor this morning, I could plainly perceive, from the countenances of both my parents, that the tremendous conflict was approaching. During breakfast my father scarce sat quiet a moment; and as soon as he had swallowed his coffee, he pulled his cap over his right eye, which is a certain sign of displeasure and began walking about with a hasty and irregular step. After taking two or three turns, he stopped suddenly behind my chair, and said, in an angry voice,

“Did that puppy, Rosenthal, visit you often during my absence?”

“ Not very often, sir.”

“ Then you did see him sometimes ?”

“ I do not deny it, sir.”

“ Eternal curses seize him !” exclaimed my father, striking me a blow on the cheek, that laid me prostrate on the floor.

I am perfectly ignorant how long I remained in that situation ; but when I came to myself, my mother was standing by me, chafing my temples with hungary water, while my father contemplated us both in sullen silence.

As soon, however, as he was convinced that no real mischief would ensue, he pulled away my mother, telling her to be gone, for that she only encouraged me to rebel.

My mother went to the window in tears, but equally indifferent to us both, he seized my arm, and shaking me with all his force, vociferated,

“ So you are resolved, perverse baggage, to bring shame and contempt on the whole family.”

Tears prevented my replying.

“Holy virgin!” said my mother, and was evidently going to urge something in my defence, when my father stopped her.

“Be silent, fool,” he cried, “I command you to be silent.” Then addressing himself to me, he continued, “You perceive, miss, that I am unacquainted with none of your tricks. But, in future, I shall take care to prevent them. Things are come to a fine pass indeed, and it is high time they should mend. So mark me, hussy, and prepare to obey. For you shall either marry baron Globerg, or I will follow you to your grave.”

I was preparing to answer, when stamping with his foot, he cried in a paroxysm of rage, “Out of my sight, thou reprobate child, and let reflection teach you your duty. I will allow you two hours for recollection, but must not be trifled with. So go to your chamber this very moment. Do you hear me? this very moment.”

Instantly I obeyed; and here I am, my Theodore, abandoned by every human being, and even by hope itself.

Holy virgin, have pity on me, for never was mortal more in need of pity!

If there was not a Theodore in the world, never would I consent to bestow my hand on the man whom I despise. No, my soul revolts at the bare idea of being united to Globerg.

Twelve o'clock.

The holy virgin has heard my prayer, and infused fresh courage into my breast. I am prepared for the expected summons, and feel a spirit equal to the undertaking.

Five o'clock.

The conflict is over, and I live to tell it. Scarce had I time to conceal my letter, when I was commanded to attend my father. With trembling steps I obeyed; and found him leaning on a table, while my mother was sitting near the window with her knitting in her hand; but although her fingers moved mechanically, she seemed totally unconscious that they did so. As I opened the door, my father raised his head; "Come hither, girl,"

said he, "and tell me if I have any longer a daughter?"

His voice was less stern than it had been at breakfast, and even betrayed some marks of sensibility. This inspired me with fresh hopes; and falling on my knees, I seized his hand, and bathing it with tears,

"Speak not" I cried, "so harshly, I conjure you, sir, to your once loved Leonora! who never till now was so unfortunate as to offend you; and even now——"

Suspecting, from the earnestness with which I addressed him, that a refusal was about to follow, he pushed me away.

"Ungrateful girl!" said he, "is this a proper return for all my kindness?"

He paused, as if in expectation of a reply.

"Pardon me, sir," I resumed with greater firmness than I ever expected to be mistress of, "but it is impossible——"

"Impossible!" exclaimed he, boiling with anger, "Impossible to perform your duty? Impossible to obey your father?"

Away! this instant, I will give you till evening to reconsider the subject, but be assured that this is the last indulgence I shall ever grant."

I rose to quit the room, but as I passed my mother, she whispered with a sigh, "For heaven's sake endeavor to submit, or you have every thing to apprehend."

A servant followed me up stairs, telling me that he had directions to lock the door, so that I am now a prisoner in my father's house.

Give me strength, O God, to support my trials, that in spite of every persecution, which the malice of my enemies can devise, I may continue faithful to him who has received my plighted vows! Soften, I implore thee, the obdurate heart of my earthly father! Instil into his bosom the lenient sentiments of parental affection, and teach him, that he also has duties to fulfil, no less imperious than those of filial obedience!

My dinner, which consisted of a slice

of bread and a decanter of water, was brought me by the same servant to whom the care of my person is intrusted. He set it on the table without uttering a word, but his countenance clearly indicated how much he regretted the painful office. To me, however, the choicest viands had been equally indifferent; for my heart was too full to be sensible that nature requires sustenance.

At three I was again summoned to appear before my judges. My brother and his wife were now present, the latter of whom appeared insultingly to triumph in my humiliation.

“ We will once more speak to her with mildness,” said my father, as I entered; and then turning to me, addressed me thus, in a solemn manner :

“ You are young, Leonora, and totally unacquainted with the world. It is, therefore, my duty to lay before you all the danger to which you are exposed, and warn you against the ruin which must

inevitably ensue, should you be suffered to throw yourself away upon a coxcomb, who has nothing, except his wits, to depend on." (Pardon me, my beloved Theodore, if I repeat a conversation so offensive to your feelings.) "The past, however, cannot be recalled, and in pity to your inexperience, I am still willing to overlook it, provided you solemnly promise to break off all further correspondence with that beggar, Rosenthal, and engage to give your hand to Baron Globerg, who generously consents to accept it. He will return again at five this evening for a decisive answer, when I expect you to receive him as your future husband."

During the whole of this speech, I was endeavoring to collect my spirits, and after a moment's pause, replied in a firm but modest tone,

"I am far from denying, sir, that Baron Globerg may be endowed with many estimable qualities; but it is surely no proof of delicacy to persevere thus obstinately in

his addresses, when he knows that my affections are already engaged.

“ Engaged !” exclaimed my father in a fury, and was going to strike me, when Deborah caught his arm :

“ Let me intreat you, dear sir,” said she, with affected candor, “ to moderate the violence of your passion, and to listen patiently to her defence, for she must undoubtedly have something to urge in her justification, or she would never presume thus to fly in the face of all her friends.”

“ To you, madam,” I answered, assuming an air of dignity, “ I have no justification to offer.”

“ Very pert, miss,” said she, with a sneer.

“ But to you, sir,” continued I, addressing my father in a supplicating tone, “ I am bound to disclose my motives. You will allow, I trust, that the affections of the heart are not always subject to the controul of reason.”

“ None of your d——d parentheseses,” cried he, with vehemence, “ but tell me

simply, whether you are willing to marry my friend, or to forfeit my favor for ever?"

"If you would have allowed me to proceed, I should have explained my sentiments."

"Answer me without equivocation," said he, "yes, or no."

I replied with all the dignity I could command, "In that case, sir, allow me to say, that the man whom my heart rejects, shall never receive my hand."

"Then take what you merit," cried he, and clenching his fist, was rushing forward, when my mother and brother interposed.

"Damnation!" screamed my father, stamping with rage, "am I then to be mocked by a disobedient girl? thwarted in my favorite projects? braved to my very face? and all for a despicable beggar."

This insinuation I could not suffer to pass unnoticed, but assuming courage, replied, "Mr. Rosenthal, sir, is no beggar."

"For the sake of heaven, Leonora,"

said my mother, "be careful what you say."

"Woman, be silent!" cried my father, "your foolish indulgence spoils her."

His eyes flashed with indignation while he spoke; I trembled for my mother, and falling on my knees, exclaimed in the anguish of my heart,

"Compel me not, I conjure you, sir, to see the baron. Have pity on your child, who would rather die than offend you. To every other command I will willingly submit, but to the sacrifice of my happiness I cannot subscribe."

My father's fury could no longer be restrained within any bounds, but breaking from my brother who tried to hold him, he struck me in the face with so much force, that the blood gushed profusely from my nose and mouth. My mother caught me in her arms, as I was falling. This is all I know, for I fainted immediately. Upon coming to myself, the first sound that struck my ear, was that of Deborah's

voice, upbraiding my poor mother for her ill-judged partiality, which, as she artfully pretended, was the real cause of my disobedience.

Determined, however, to make one effort more, I threw myself at my father's feet, imploring him in terms the most pathetic, not to compel me to be for ever wretched, but rather to permit me to retire into a convent, where I might, at least, be suffered to die in peace."

"Take her at her word," cried Deborah, with a ghastly grin, "and let us try if that wont bring her proud spirit a little lower."

"With all my heart," replied my father, "I care not what becomes of her, provided I never set my eyes on her again, till she has learned her duty better." Then turning towards me, who was still on my knees, he continued. "Once more I will allow you the power of retracting; but remember it is for the last time. Tell me, therefore, disobedient girl, whether you persist in your refusal, or not?"

“ Had it been in my power to comply, sir,” answered I, “ I should have done it with a willing heart.”

“ Enough,” cried he, more sternly. “ I have then no longer a daughter.”

With a sign of his hand, he ordered me to retire, and bowing respectfully I obeyed.

CHAP. XII.

A continuation of the former.

Eight o'clock.

SCARCE had I set foot in my chamber, when the door was locked again. But indifferent to such insults as these, I threw myself into a chair, in hopes that tears would come to my relief. No tears, however, came. My grief was concentrated at my heart, which beat convulsively. I panted for breath. My respiration was quick and short, and I felt on the point of suffocation. Every thing that had passed appeared like a frightful dream, while the excess of my misery almost tempted me to doubt its reality. The sensation was totally different from any thing that I ever experienced before. It was stupor. It was confusion. Apathy, however, it could not

be called; though it resembled rather the renovated impression of a past calamity, than the actual sentiment of present distress.

In this state I continued for some time, till recollecting how precious every moment was, I resumed my pen.

They still were talking below. My father's voice was loud and angry—The door of the parlor opened, and I heard somebody on the stairs.

I was obliged to catch up the paper, and hide it in my bosom. I threw the pen out of the window as the key turned. It was my eldest brother. I have not seen Humphrey these two days. Alas! why does he avoid me?

"Give me your pen and ink," said George, taking up the ink-stand, which stood on the table. "Your paper, too."

"I have none."

"Of that I must be satisfied."

He then examined my drawers, and searched in every part of the room, but

none could he find; for suspecting what has happened, I fortunately concealed a few sheets between the mattress and feather-bed.

On a chair lay the handkerchief that is stained with your blood, and which I have never suffered to be washed. How I trembled lest he should see it, and deprive me of my only consolation.

“Is there no hope,” said I, as he was about to leave me, “of appeasing my father’s anger?”

“None,” answered he coldly.

“And can you behold a sister’s sufferings with indifference?”

“I came not hither” said he, with an air of authority, “to parley with you. You know the conditions on which you may be restored to favor with us all. But if you reject them, *beware of to-morrow.*”

The last sentence was uttered with an air of mystery, which leaves me every thing to apprehend. In vain I endeavored to detain him. He was deaf to my intrea-

ties, and positively refused all further explanation.

You will perceive that I am under the necessity of continuing with a pencil, which luckily remained in my pocket.

Nine o'clock

Thomas has just been here, to bring my supper. He fastened the door carefully after him, as he entered.

"My master desires, madam," said he, "that you will be ready to set off tomorrow morning, as soon as it is light."

"This moment, if he wishes it."

"Would to heaven, madam," resumed he with a look of unfeigned sorrow, "that you could comply as readily with all his commands. Ah! madam, there is sad work below. My poor mistress keeps crying as if her heart would break, and declares she will never consent to your being shut up in a nunnery. But alas! what signifies all that she can say, poor lady! against a number of voices, all louder, and more positive than her own.

“ For I’m sure you might hear young madam’s shrill tongue, though you stood on the top of the cathedral. She swears you must, and shall go, and that she will take you herself, rather than suffer you to get the better of them all.”

“ I am much obliged to you,” said I, wishing to stop him, “ for the interest which you take about me.”

“ I only wish it was in my power to do you any service, madam.”

“ Supposing you should be able to render me a very essential one.”

“ It would make me very happy if I could.”

“ And might I rely on your secrecy?”

“ I would sooner cut out my tongue,” replied the honest fellow, “ than betray you.”

“ Here then is something to drink.” and I offered him a crown.

“ No, by all the saints. Not a far-thing will I touch. When I can do any thing to serve so sweet a lady, I would not,

for the world, have the appearance of being bribed."

"I thank you, Thomas, and will no longer hesitate to trust you. Tomorrow morning, before I set out, I will give you a letter for my brother Humphrey, which you must deliver to him in private. But take care you are not caught, or I know not what the consequence might be."

"Never fear, madam. Your orders shall be punctually obeyed; and I only wish that other folks acted as honestly by you, as I shall."

I have now given you our conversation word for word, which I thought necessary, as I intended inclosing these sad lines in a cover to Humphrey, on whose friendship, I am persuaded, I may rely. But, alas! he can do little more than communicate to you the dismal tidings of our unhappy fate.

Thus, my beloved, I am forced from the world, where every thing so lately smiled upon me. No alternative was

left. A convent was my last and only resource. For to have given my hand to your odious rival, would have been worse than a thousand deaths.

Ten o'clock.

My mother has been with me. She tried the power of tears. It was by far the severest conflict to which I have been exposed, and I want the strength to relate it. Ah, Theodore, how persuasive are the words of a parent, when she throws aside the prerogatives of nature, and has recourse to those of affection!

Had it been possible for my heart to change—had it been capable of forsaking my Theodore—the best of mothers would have prevailed. Thy image alone gave me courage to persevere; to resist her intreaties; to see her kneel, and not consent. Yes, Theodore, she knelt. The kindest, tenderest of women knelt to her obdurate child,—and knelt in vain.

Heaven knows how readily I would have

resigned my life, could the sacrifice of that have sufficed. There is nothing in death to alarm the virtuous.—But to drag on the heavy weight of accumulating years in hopeless misery;—to swear obedience to the man whom we equally despise and hate;—this surely is the consummation of woe—a trial too severe for fortitude to brave, or religion to submit to.

Convinced at length that no efforts could succeed, my mother left me. O, my beloved, what a pang was that! For both our minds seemed equally to forbode that this is a final separation, and that we are never destined to meet again on this side the grave; for she fairly told me, that my father was determined either to carry his point, or to confine me for life in a cloister.

No, my Theodore, in pity to your feelings, I will not attempt describing a scene so agonising. As she quitted the room, and the door closed to part us for ever, I sunk into my chair, more dead than alive.

My brain was on fire. My heart was bursting. Why, O why, was not that horrid moment my last?

While absorbed in the contemplation of my wretched destiny, my brother returned.

“At my intercession,” said he “my father allows me to make one effort more”

“I am sensible,” answered I, interrupting him, “of your motives, and am as grateful for them as I ought to be. Allow me, however, to say, that all further trouble may be spared, since there is not an evil, in the record of human misery, to which I would not expose myself, rather than become the wife of a man whom I detest.”

“In that case,” resumed he in a tone of asperity, “I am commanded to acquaint you, that a carriage will be at the door to-morrow morning, at four o’clock, to convey you to a place of seclusion; where you will have ample leisure to repent. In the course of the evening such clothes will be sent you as are suited to your present situation; and to a place where the garb of

penitence will become you better than that of coquetry."

With this rebuke he quitted me, and Thomas soon after brought a few of my morning dresses, but stripped entirely of their trimming. How mistaken is Deborah if she imagines this to be a mortification ! My only vanity was to please my Theodore.

My paper admonishes me to conclude, for I must leave a little space for Humphrey. Farewel, my love. Thou, who art dearer to me than life itself, accept this last adieu. Forget not thy Leonora, whose thoughts will ever dwell with thee, whether buried in the recesses of a cloister, or permitted to revisit the world. In all situations and under all circumstances, while life remains, thy image will be present to my thoughts, will vibrate in every pulsation, will be breathed in every sigh. Should I be cruelly condemned to drag out a miserable existence remote from thee, the rising sun will witness my tears ; and the pale watery moon, if it ever penetrate

the gothic casement, will find me praying for thy welfare. Alas ! my Theodore, when thou seest it glimmer on the snowy pine, think on thy Leonora ; for at that very instant, she also will be contemplating the resplendent orb of her nocturnal worship, while her faltering tongue, amid the shade and silence of night, ventures faintly to pronounce the name of Theodore.

The packet, which was directed to Humphrey, contained the following lines.

“ Refuse not, I implore you, to an unhappy sister, this last sad favor ; the only one perhaps, that it may ever be in your power to bestow ; but deliver the inclosed to Theodore, the moment he returns. Have the goodness also, to make him acquainted with every circumstance which passes in this family, after my departure. Grant me, I conjure, you this token of affection, and may all your wishes prosper.

My tears flow fast. I can scarcely see what I write. Adieu then, my dear Humphrey. Be a friend to Theodore in his distress; comfort my poor mother, when I am no longer with her; and pity, sincerely pity, your unhappy sister.

CHAP. XIII.

Even hope itself is gone.

To trace the emotions to which the soul of Theodore became a prey, as he perused this dreadful letter, exceeds the powers of description. Even to read it through was a work of time; for he was repeatedly interrupted by tears, which flowed so abundantly, that the writing, in many places, was effaced. When he came to that passage where Leonora describes herself sinking under the fatal blow, the paper dropped from his hands; a cold sweat bedewed his forehead; he fell motionless on the floor; and remained in that happy state of insensibility for a considerable time. Recovering at length to perception, and despair, he felt a pasching thirst, his clammy tongue clove to the roof of his

mouth, he attempted to rise to call for something to drink, but all power of motion was gone. A chilly tremor pervaded his frame, and every sense seemed paralysed. After many an effort he reached the bell; and when a servant came, he desired candles, and a glass of water.

“Holy virgin!” cried the girl, as she placed a light on the table, “what has happened to you, that you look so like a ghost?”

“Nothing,” answered he, panting for breath, and making a sign for her to retire. “nothing, nothing”

Being left alone, he took up Humphrey’s letter, which was dated the 21st of August.

With an aching heart, my dear friend, I sit down to fulfil my sister’s last request, and to communicate to you some further particulars, relative to this unhappy affair.

Neither my father, nor mother saw Leonora again. The wretched victim, as had been previously settled, was informed,

at an early hour, that the carriage was waiting. This I learned from her maid, who assures me, that she prepared for her departure with a degree of self-command, which must have deprived her persecutors of the infernal gratification which they, no doubt, expected to enjoy. With a steady step she descended the stairs, apparently indifferent to all that happened, except when she passed my mother's door. There she stopped for several seconds, lifted up her eyes to heaven in speechless agony, while from the motion of her lips Sophy conjectured that she was in the act of praying.

Recovering herself again, she reassumed the dignified air of conscious superiority, and seated herself by the side Deborah, who was already in the carriage, without uttering a word. My brother drove, in order, I conclude, that the place of her confinement, might remain a secret. All, therefore, that I have been able to discover, is, that they took the road to Ratisbone.

This abominable plan was entirely managed by Deborah. Heaven will pardon her, if her intentions are pure ; but for my own part, I cannot reconcile her present conduct with all her boasted professions of charity.

My poor mother does nothing but weep, yet my father treats her with marked indifference, as if she alone were responsible for my sister's conduct. Indeed such is the violence of his temper, that no one approaches him without trembling ; and from some expressions which escaped him this morning, I much question whether it will be prudent for you to remain any longer here.

Of this I inform you by letter, being uncertain when, or where, I can see you, as my father, who is all suspicion, positively has forbidden our meeting, and is constantly on the watch. Should he, in his present temper, discover that I have disobeyed him, he is capable of proceeding to every extremity. I must therefore intreat you

to act with the greatest caution. For such, alas! is my situation, that I may ruin myself without being able to render any essential service to you or my sister.

Yours, H. G.

The fatal sentence was now confirmed; and, from the precautions taken, it was plainly the intention of Leonora's persecutors, to conceal the place of her confinement.

"How fortunate had been my lot," exclaimed Theodore, in the fullness of grief, "had I never revived to life and misery, but expired under the first shock!—— Yet may I not have been preserved," continued he, after a moment's recollection, "to rescue from captivity the fairest, and most perfect of all created beings?"

Amid these melancholy reflections, the hours stole imperceptibly away, till nature being exhausted by the violence of the conflict, he sunk into a lethargic dose, in which he continued till the mistress of the

house came, in the morning, to inquire after his health.

Though she opened the door as gently as she could, the grating hinge disturbed him; and starting from his pillow, he stared around with a disordered air, as if insensible to every thing but his own affliction.

The good woman was seriously alarmed, and entirely agreed with her maid, that a physician should be sent for without loss of time. Theodore, however, assured her, that he had no complaint remaining, except a head-ach, which a cup of coffee would probably remove.

With a look of incredulity, she quitted the room to fetch it; when the first thing, which caught Theodore's attention, was Leonora's letter on the floor. He snatched it up, and hid it in his bosom, as a place of the greatest security. While dressing, he accidentally cast his eyes on a looking-glass; but no sooner did he catch a glimpse of his own figure, than he started

at the sudden change. Yet a moment's recollection suggested a different sentiment; and he rejoiced at a circumstance which seemed to promise, that his sufferings would not be lasting.

All his hopes of happiness were destroyed; all his prospects were levelled in the dust; and death was the only comforter from whom he could expect relief. Gratitude, however, at length whispered to his heart, that Frederic and Theresa had the strongest claims upon his affections; and that he was bound to inform them of all that concerned him. Hope also suggested, that, by their assistance, he might possibly discover Leonora's prison, and even succeed in rescuing her from it.

To prevail on Theodore to perform a duty, nothing more was requisite, than barely to convince him, that he had a duty to perform. No sooner, therefore, was he satisfied of the necessity of writing, than he wrote as follows:

My dearest friends,

Overwhelmed by the weight of accumulated misery, I have no longer any hope except from your exertions; nor any consolation so great as in communicating my sorrows to you. Yet, what is it in the power of man to do? No human efforts can recal the past, infuse compassion into the heart of a barbarian, or restore the treasure which is ravished from me. Alas! as yet you know not the extent of my calamity. My Leonora has been forced away! carried off during my absence! and I am ignorant of the place where she is confined. —In vain she calls to me for succour—stretches out her supplicating hands in hopeless agony, and bids me fly to save her.

Yet no one hears her. Her father, that cold, obdurate tyrant, turns away unmoved. Her elder brother calculates the advantage of her death, impelled by that arch-fiend, Deborah, who smiles with infernal triumph, while she contemplates the misery she has caused.

O men! men! of what materials are ye composed? Where is now the milk of human kindness? Where the smile of sympathy, which imparts to the wounded bosom more effectual solace, than riches can bestow, when proudly lavished with ostentatious charity, and the insulting mockery of humiliating condescension?

What am I now? a wretched outcast, wandering over the desert earth in search of Death. O thou! who destroyest all animated matter, with what delight would I meet thee! how eagerly would I rush to thy cold embrace! That hour, however, is uncertain; though, I trust, not very remote.

Till then, my Frederic, wilt thou allot me a corner in thy hospitable mansion, where I may count the tedious moments of protracted woe? In thy garden I will prepare a grave against that blessed instant, when I shall be permitted to burst the chains of mortal thralldom.———

I am compelled to leave Ingolstadt.

The tyrant father of the angelic victim threatens revenge, and I know him to be capable of every crime. But with thee I may find an asylum, find every thing except consolation. To that my heart must remain a stranger, No, the raging storm has laid me prostrate. My head is bowed in the dust, like the uprooted pine.

Tomorrow I shall quit this sad abode of cruelty and injustice, and bend my course towards Steinfeld castle, that enviable seat of domestic comfort, where all things smile on all but Theodore.

BOOK EIGHTH.

CHAP. I.

Chaos is come again.

BEING totally at a loss for a subject, I took up a book, which has been lately published,* and turned accidentally to that part where the author examines the Kantian philosophy.

Not satisfied with the absurdities so abundantly propagated by their founder, the Kantian school has gradually split into a variety of sects; each of which aspires to celebrity, by engrafting some new impiety on the primitive stock. One of the most remarkable of these daring innovators is SCHELLING, late a professor at Wurtzburg.

* *Histoire comparée des systemes de philosophie relativement aux principes des connaissances humaines*, par J. M. Degerando. Vol. 2, p. 314.

To attempt explaining a theory, by which the boldest principles of atheism are inculcated in language too abstruse for any common capacity to comprehend, would be to trifle with the patience of my readers. I will therefore content myself with transcribing the following passage from Degerando, which may serve to convey some faint idea of the monstrous extravagancies with which the literary maniacs of the north are actually inundating the world.

“ *Dans cette histoire universelle des etres* (I copy the words which Degerando employs, in speaking of one of Schelling's most admired works) *il a demelé trois grandes epoques. La premiere appartient au hazard. La seconde est le regne de la nature. La troisieme sera celle de L'EXISTENCE DE DIEU. Car Dieu n'existe point encore. Il ne peut meme exister, tant que nos individus existent. Cependant il se manifeste, mais seulement comme se preparant a exister. LA NATURE EST DONC UNE SORTE DE DIVINITE EN GER*

ME. (SCHELLING'S *Transcendental Idealism*.)

Is it possible to read this impious nonsense, without the strongest emotions of astonishment and indignation. Of astonishment, that the intellectual faculties of a rational being, and of one certainly possessing no common talents, should be so totally deranged by the study of metaphysics, as entirely to abandon the beaten path of reason, guided by experience, and founded on observation, for the extravagant chimeras of an imagination, rendered delirious by excessive vanity. Of indignation, that in a christian university, any man should be suffered to propagate so dangerous a doctrine.

To what a fatal perversion of the understanding, do ill directed studies lead! For to Schelling we may apply the words of Festus to the apostle, Paul, "Too much learning hath made him mad." No, never amid the incoherent ravings of a frenzy fever, did the disordered fancy indulge in

ideas more extravagant than these. Yet still this man was followed by an infatuated croud of admirers, who respected him as the glory of science, and loved him as the apostle of truth.

But let us suppose for a moment, that we were to call upon the professor of Wurtzburg, for a rational explanation of his own meaning, when he asserts, that "*the existence of a God is incompatible with that of man*; and, that "*Nature is the germe of a future divinity*," he would probably be much at a loss to illustrate his system, when compelled to do it in the plain language of common sense. Yet when enveloped in the abstruse and pompous jargon of the Kantian school, it imposes upon the understandings of many, who have been taught to consider obscurity as a proof of erudition, and believe him to be the greatest philosopher whose deductions they least comprehend.*

* To give the reader a specimen of the ambiguity of the language which is employed by Kant, I

To a candid observer of human nature, what a gloomy prospect does the boasted progress of German literature afford. Let the vanity of learning contemplate this humiliating scene, and blush at its own presumption.

There surely is a boundary marked out by the hand of the Almighty, which man, with all his efforts, is unable to pass. To this the Athenians attained under the splendid

have translated as literally as our language will allow, the following passages from his *Critik der reinen Vernunft*. "An object can be perceived only through the forms of sensibility, which reside *a priori* in the understanding, and are the necessary conditions of this intuition."—"The objective force rests upon the proposition, that they are the only means by which experience becomes possible, in the order of the forms of thought."—"Belief has only a subjective and practical value. We ought to believe the existence of a supreme being, although it is *impossible* to demonstrate the certainty, or even the probability of his existence."—Without much discernment, we may perceive that the reasonings and expressions, which are made use of by Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Ried, are very different from those of the Kantian school.

administration of Pericles, and the Romans in the brilliant reign of Augustus. But from those memorable periods, the sun of science began gradually to decline ; till by turns a prey to sophistry and superstition, the Greeks presented nothing to the contemplative mind, that could retrace a vestige of their ancient splendor, save here and there a solitary fragment, which, in proud decay, bore melancholy testimony that this weak and degraded country, was once the boasted seat of arts, of genius, and of empire. While the descendants of Romulus progressively sunk under the weight of their excessive greatness, till they became the scorn and the prey of the northern barbarians.

At this dismal era of general desolation, a second chaos overspread the literary world, extinguishing every spark of science, and reducing man to the most brutal state of vice and sensuality. In this wretched condition he groveled on for a series of years ; and even when the general ferment

of dawning reason excited the reviving intellect to burst its shackles, so faint was the returning light, that he wandered long from error to error, without rule or compass to guide him.

That we have reached the destined limit, the pride of philosophy will probably deny, although most of the productions of the present age too clearly shew it. The energies of man are no longer exerted in researches of acknowledged utility, but wasted on the solution of questions, to which his limited faculties can never attain. What a perversion of talent is this! for could the sceptic (which God forbid) succeed in establishing that impious theory to which his monstrous ambition aspires, what end would he accomplish, unless to render his fellow creatures more vain, more wretched, and more vicious than they are.

It may possibly be asked what adequate remedy could be applied to the growing evil, in a country, like Germany, where education is regarded as a lucrative branch

of revenue, and where the sovereigns contend with each other, for the possession of a celebrated professor, not from the noble desire of enlightening the minds, or improving the morals of their subjects, but upon the mercantile principle of attracting students to their universities, whose folly and extravagance may enrich the cities, which their vices scandalise and disturb.

Yet allowing to these illustrious personages that moderate share of foresight, which usually falls to their lot; it is hardly credible, that they should be blind enough to patronise a set of men, whose doctrines tend to nothing less than to the utter subversion of morality and religion.

Whatever may have formerly been the opinion of speculative philosophers, concerning the necessity of religion, this question has been so strongly elucidated by the atrocious example of revolutionary France, that it will no longer admit of an argument. So that it will henceforth be full as easy to

persuade the world, that lions and tigers may be turned into the streets of London without the smallest risk, as that the savage dispositions of the untutored populace can be restrained by any ties, except the salutary belief of rewards and punishments in a future state.

To what can we ascribe that profligate system of universal plunder, which is so scandalously practised by the royal robbers of the north, but to the confusion of principles, which the apostles of Atheism have introduced among a people, who were once as conspicuous for truth and loyalty, as they are now become for qualities the very reverse of these? Where is now that high sense of honor, which blushed even at the suspicion of deceit, and considered a simple promise as equally binding with the most complicated forms which diplomatic caution can devise? That romantic spirit of chivalry, the child and guardian of delicacy, which Mr. Burke so beautifully describes, is gone! for ever

gone! And in its place we find the spurious breed of infidelity, a fraudulent spirit of speculation, unfeeling egotism that never looks beyond the gratification of appetite, voracious avarice, and sordid calculation, that startles at no crime, however black, which gives increase of power.

Such is the atrocious system which governs Europe, spreading desolation from the frozen Baltic to the arid shores of Calabria. How weak! how short sighted are they who adopt it, and barter reputation for a transient dream of authority; for they seal the irrevocable decree of their own destruction, unmindful that the gigantic hand, which lavished vassalage, may at any time resume the ignominious gift.

How then shall reason contend against the growing evil, which threatens the subversion of thrones and altars in one mighty wreck. Shall we proscribe the philosophy of the Kantian school? Shall we prohibit

the circulation of their works? No. That would be to perpetuate their blasphemies. Persecution serves only to augment the pride and obstinacy of those who brave it and would attach a permanent celebrity to the opinion of a sect, which a few years reflection, or some more absurd and more fashionable theory will otherwise obliterate for ever. What then is the proper remedy? The reply is easy—CONTEMPT and a MAD-HOUSE.

CHAP. II.



Theodore leaves Ingolstadt.



BEING convinced of the necessity of leaving Ingolstadt, Theodore arranged all his matters accordingly ; but just as he was on the point of setting out, it occurred to him that the *hoffrath* was entirely ignorant of his future prospects, which from the powerful patronage of the Steinfeld family, were now become such as might entitle him to aspire to the hand of Leonora. Flattering himself that these considerations might have some weight with a man, in whose estimation wealth and titles were the only virtues, he determined to make the trial, and going immediately to old Greiffenberg's house, requested to speak to him on business of the greatest importance.

In a few minutes the servant returned with the following answer: "that his master was much surprised that he could have the assurance to call at his house after what had passed; and advised him, as he valued a whole skin, to beware of coming into his presence.

Having delivered his message with an air of insolence, he banged the door in Theodore's face, who unable to restrain his feelings gave vent to his indignation in the following terms:

"What an intolerable burden is life! what a wretched prison is the world! We are told by moralists that it is the abode of pure and elevated virtue. They talk of the dignity of human nature, of the feeling heart which beats with tender sympathy at the sight of unmerited distress, the generous mind attuned to sweet philanthropy, the head imparting prudent admonition, and the hand dispensing liberal bounty. Such is the picture which they draw of man! But, alas! how different

does experience shew him! Or slave, or tyrant. Oppressor or oppressed. Servile towards those whom fortune places in a rank superior to his own, but proud and insolent to all beneath him; he spurns away the indigent, and flies from poverty, which petitions for the offals of a luxurious table, as from a raging pestilence——”

Having thus exhaled his fury, he returned to his lodgings, and taking a couple of shirts in his pocket, bad adieu to his hostess for ever. Taking the road to Steinfeld castle, which led also to Mrs. Helden's farm, he was proceeding leisurely in a pensive mood, when he was suddenly interrupted by the voice of Thomas, who inquired the reason why he hadn't seen him so long.

Theodore started, and was going to reply, when observing a small portmanteau under the peasant's arm, he asked him where he was carrying it.

“ Why an please your honor,” answered the honest rustic, “ I am going to town,

in hopes of finding an owner for it. For I suspects as how it belongs to a gentleman, who went through our village yesterday, in his way to Ingolstadt."

Theodore. "If this be all that you know about it, my good friend, it will prove no easy task to discover him."

Thomas. "Your honor perhaps can help one a little, as when he passed this way, four days ago, he had a young lady with him; who, if I am not mistaken, was the same young lady that I've seen in your honor's company, when you were at Madam's house!

Theodore, eagerly. "The young lady from Ingolstadt, do you say?"

Thomas. "As far as I could judge, it was she. But the glasses were all drawn up; and then she looked so pale, and so sad, I scarce knew her again."

"Which way did they go?" cried Theodore wildly.

Thomas. "Why they took the road that leads to yonder village, and he pointed to

a steeple, which rose amidst encircling pines at the distance of about a league.

Theodore. “And when did the carriage return?”

Thomas. “Last night; just before it was dusk.”

Theodore. “Was the same lady in it?”

Thomas. “No, your honor. The first time there were two ladies. But only one returned, and a crabbed looking vixen she was.”

“It must be she!” exclaimed our hero, darting forward towards the church, to which Thomas had pointed, with all the wild impatience of hope.

Persuaded that he had now obtained intelligence of Leonora, he flew on the wings of love, passing Mrs. Helden’s door, without even recollecting how kind a friend that hospitable mansion contained. In spite of the sultry rays of a mid-day sun, he hastened onward with accelerated pace, as if the prison, where his mistress was confined, had been actually in sight, and

he beheld her beckoning to him from the grated casement.

Arrived at the village, he enquired of the first cottager he met, if a carriage, with two ladies in it, had gone that way lately. A simple negative was the reply. The same demand was repeatedly made, and always with similar success; till he fortunately stumbled upon an old woman, who seemed totally disqualified by age and illness, for every employment, except that of attending to the employments of other people; which, strange as it may appear, at certain periods of life, affords a tolerable substitute for all other privations. By a being of this description no event, within the compass of village curiosity, could pass unnoticed. The sounding wheels had attracted her attention, the weeping lady had excited her compassion, the ill-favoured Duenna had roused her indignation; so that with the aid of an imagination not quite insensible to the sweet remembrance of the frolics of

youth, she had cooked up a tale sufficiently long to occupy her auditors for many an hour, whenever she was fortunate enough to meet with a person, who had leisure or inclination to hear it.

Theodore, however, was not of this description, for he had neither time nor patience, at her service. Having learned the road which the chaise had taken, and swallowed in haste a bowl of milk, he threw a piece of money on the table, and instantly disappeared.

All the particulars which he collected, as he proceeded forwards, agreed so exactly with the description of Leonora, that he could no longer doubt that he was pursuing her traces. With unremitting eagerness he traversed village after village, till the energies of his mind were unable to support him under the extreme of bodily fatigue; knocking therefore at the door of a neat cottage, he asked if they could give him a bed for the night.

Hospitality is the growth of every clime,

and happily for mankind is not confined to the moated castle, nor to the sumptuous tables of the luxurious. Whoever has a loaf to divide with the hungry traveller, or a wooden stool to offer him by the fire side, may fulfil all the duties of charity in their amplest meaning, and draw down the blessing of heaven on his humble hut.

Such were the inhabitants of the cottage where Theodore applied for shelter. Little had they to give, but they gave that little with a liberal hand, and the inviting smile of benevolence. In a moment he was seated in the best wicker chair; a coarse but clean napkin was thrown over the walnut table; and while the husband came running with an oaten cake and a large slice of cheese, the wife brought a tub of warm water, to bathe the blistered feet of her guest. She then suddenly disappeared, but returned in a minute with two eggs, which had been laid that very morning. Having ate his supper with

a better appetite than he had done any thing since his father's death, Theodore was conducted to his chamber, where he found a neat linen bed, clean sheets, and white walls.

Though the violent perturbation of his mind, and the feverish heat of his blood, prevented our hero from closing his eyes, during the first part of the night, he fell into a sound sleep towards morning and did not awake till it was late. Perceiving that the sun was already high, he attempted to dress himself, but finding himself too weak to proceed on his journey, he threw himself again on the bed. The good woman, who had been watching his motions, no sooner heard him stir, than she entered the room, and inquired kindly after his health, offering him every thing that her humble cottage could afford; and adding, that if he preferred a cup of coffee, she would send to the *cure*, who was the only person in the parish that ever drank it. Theodore thanked her,

and desiring only a bason of broth, which she presently brought, and seating herself on the bed, began the following discourse :

“ Your honor, I fear, has had hard luck in the world, or you would never be reduced to so pitious a plight. Heaven bless me! your face is as white as my handkerchief, and your eyes are all swollen with tears. And yet I should think that a gemman could want for nothing, who had such good clothes, and a purse full of money into the bargain.”

She paused in expectation of a reply, and Theodore being unwilling to offend a person, who expressed so much interest about him, answered thus :

“ Wealth, my worthy dame, has less to do with happiness, than you may suppose. Nor is poverty, by any means, the greatest evil to which men are exposed. Good health, and a clear conscience enable a person to struggle against distress, but there are misfortunes—and

mine alas ! are of that description, for which death is the only remedy.

“ Lord have mercy upon us,” exclaimed the woman, lifting up her hands with a blendid expression of terror and surprise. “ I never heard any body talk so larnedly before. Why our priest himself is a noviciat to you. To be sure things may be as you say, but when a body works all day, and goes to bed supperless, why he’s tempted to think as how that there’s no misery greater than that of being poor. Not that this is our case. For though we’re not over rich as a body may say, we want for nothing, and have not only sufficient for ourselves, but never turn away a beggar empty-handed from the door.”

The love of talking was as prominent a feature in the character of this honest creature, as the love of doing good ; perceiving therefore that our hero was disposed to indulge her, she thought fit to entertain him with the history of her life.

“ Providence,” she said, “ had been

mighty kind to her, and given her two excellent husbands, both of whom she loved with her whole heart. The first was as comely a man, as one ever set eyes on. But after living happily together for a couple of years, he caught a fever by over fatigue, which carried him off in a few days. The loss of a tender and affectionate husband, rendered her inconsolable for many weeks, and she might have remained so for ever, had not the Holy Virgin sent her another to cheer her heart. He was an honest hard-working man; and heaven had prospered their endeavours, for they had nine as healthy children as ever were seen, though they had been married no more than eleven years. To be sure she had taken on sadly for the death of her first husband, but she was now convinced that heaven directed all things for the best. For if she had not been deprived of the first, she could never have gotten the second. Nay, so confident was she in the bounty of providence, that should it please the Almighty

to make her a widow again, she had little doubt of being able to fill up the vacancy, without loss of time."

Theodore would have been highly amused with the conciliatory philosophy of his hostess ; but in the present state of his mind, he had no taste for ridicule, no smile for harmless folly. Desirous of being left to his private meditations, he requested the loquacious dame to retire, under pretence of getting up ; and finding himself refreshed by a second nap, he slipped on his clothes, and went down just in time to partake of a frugal meal with honest Martha and her family ; for the farmer was gone to a neighbouring market, and not expected home till the evening. His wife, therefore, had ample time to entertain her guest, with various other anecdotes of domestic economy, so that he soon became as well acquainted with all the profits and drawbacks of the farm, as if he had never stirred from the village. In the course of conversation, however,

he discovered that notwithstanding all the boasted felicity of this worthy couple, the sweets and bitters of life are blended together with tolerable equality; so that as few situations are so desperate as to be deprived of hope, scarce any are to be found, where contentment is unalloyed with care. Even this angel of husbands, as Martha called him, had one essential failing, for he was fonder of his bottle than of her. So that he never returned from market on a Saturday night, without being a little tipsey.

This accusation was soon after verified by Roger's appearance, who came singing up to the door. "Odds blood!" cried he giving Martha a hearty buss, "I've not seen such a day these many months. Buyers by dozens; money in plenty; and things selling at any price. Here" continued he, pulling out two bottles, "is some of the true sort, for his honor and I to be merry with, for he seems a cup too low."

It was in vain for Theodore to object. Neither the state of his health, nor his dislike to liquor could excuse him. So that after being forced by the drunken farmer to assist in emptying one of the bottles, he thought himself fortunate to escape, before the cork of the second was drawn.

CHAP. III.

The Hermit.

THEODORE'S strength was so much recruited by a day of rest, that he found himself able to continue the pursuit; and having accordingly dressed himself at an early hour, he hastened to take leave of his worthy hosts. Upon entering the kitchen he was informed by their children that they were gone to church, but would certainly return in a short time. However short the space, it was more than impatience would willingly have granted, yet still he determined to wait, and seating himself in the wicker chair, took a child on each of his knees.

“How free from care,” said he to himself, “are the minds of these innocent babes? I too was once as happy as they are now!

Why, alas! did I ever cease to be a child? Ye boasted powers, and energies of reason, are ye then no better than abundant sources of keener misery? For if he be doomed to suffer most acutely, who best can estimate the good and evil of this present life, what are comprehension and sensibility but the worst of gifts?"

A flood of tears relieved him, and looking down he saw the children lost in astonishment. After staring at him for some time, the smiling cherub, who sat on his left knee, stretched out her little hand, and wiped his eyes with her apron.

"Why do you cry so?" said she in a voice of tremulous sympathy, "no one has beat you; and if you are good, no one will. For mammy says, that none but naughty girls are whipped."

"Do be merry now," cried her brother, "and I'll get you some of the finest flowers out of our garden. For I hate to see any body sad."

To these simple marks of affection, Theodore replied by kissing them alternately. At this moment, their mother entered, and began apologising for the rudeness of her children; but he soon satisfied her by the assurance that, so far from being troublesome, their innocent prattle had amused him much. His next business was to reward the good people for their attention, which he did with his usual liberality, and then giving the farmer a hearty shake by the hand, he took up his stick and departed.

With various success he continued his perquisitions; now gaining intelligence apparently satisfactory; now totally at a loss what course to pursue; till he reached a small hamlet, where no one had seen a carriage for several weeks, except an old woman, who told him, that a few nights before, being prevented from sleeping by the rheumatism, she heard the rattling of wheels. An event so uncommon attracted her curiosity; and, hobbling to the win-

dow, she could plainly distinguish, by the light of the moon, a chaise and pair, which turned to the right at a few paces from her house, where the road divides.

Theodore requested to be informed to what place this road conducted; a question to which the geographical skill of the aged dame was by no means competent. All she knew being reduceable to this: "that it led over a wild and extensive heath, and from thence to a forest of pines, which few people frequented, because it had the reputation of being haunted. But whether it went further, or not, she could not say; since there wasn't a soul in the parish who dared venture there, were he even to receive a ducat for his pains.

Unsatisfactory as this intelligence proved, it was all that Theodore could obtain; and so occupied was he with the idea of Leonora, that he heard even this indistinctly. Not once did it occur to him, that it was possible to mistake the road, till he found himself bewildered in the intricate mazes

of the forest. The path seemed gradually to lessen as he advanced, till at last it was so overgrown with weeds and bushes, that not a vestige remained. The obstacles which he had to encounter, soon awakened him to a sense of danger. He stopped to reconnoitre the spot, and was almost instantly convinced, from the height and magnitude of the surrounding trees, that he was already got deep into the wood. Having summoned all his faculties to council, he felt utterly at a loss on which side to turn, as on every side, he was equally enclosed by lofty pines, whose tufted branches had escaped for centuries the destructive ravages of human avarice. After much deliberation, however, he recollected that the old woman had said something about a road to the right, which from the situation of the village where she lived, must necessarily lie to the south. This conclusion being drawn, he easily determined, from the position of the sun, which way to direct his course. Nor .

boughs, nor brambles, any longer impeded him. His face was scratched, his legs bled, his hands were torn; yet onward he marched with accelerated pace, till he discovered another path. This, however, disappeared like the former. He searched around, but no traces could he find either of man or beast: The day was drawing towards a close, and though armed with conscious innocence, he trembled at the idea of passing the night in that lonely solitude. Rendered desperate by distress, he rushed forward, regardless whither he went; while every progressive step seemed to involve him deeper in the pathless labyrinth. The towering pines, which met over his head, shed an awful gloom around, while the branching underwood, thickly interwoven with the prickly furze, rendered it difficult, if not impossible to proceed. He paused. He listened. No sounds of lowing cattle; no tolling bell, which from the distant convent summoned the pious votary to his evening orisons, spoke comfort to his

soul. The deep, and solemn silence was broken only by the rising wind, whistling through the clustering branches. How would it have cheered his soul to have heard even the fluttering wing of a thrush or blackbird. But no animated being frequented that desert waste, save the ill-omened screech-owl, which, as the sun declined, screamed inauspiciously with horrid note.

Had Theodore been prone to superstition, he would have seen a spirit in every bush. Guarded even as he was by the shield of reason, the reports, which he had heard from the old woman, assailed his imagination with redoubled force, and he started involuntarily as the branches trembled before the gushing wind.

Never before had our hero found himself in so perilous a situation. Fatigued and hungry, his courage sunk through corporeal debility; and he was almost tempted to throw himself on the damp ground, abandoning all hopes of escaping. But the

image of Leonora again rushed upon his mind, calling on her Theodore to break her fetters. In an instant returning strength invigorated his limbs; and, blushing at his want of fortitude, he swore either to rescue her, or to perish.

This last effort of despair was crowned with success: for scarce had he proceeded a hundred paces, when the pervading light convinced him, that he was coming to an opening in the wood. This gave him fresh courage; and pushing forward with renovated vigour, he soon arrived at a kind of amphitheatre; where, to his inexpressible delight, he discovered an humble hut. Though built of the coarsest materials, it presented an appearance of neatness, and even of symmetry, which shewed, that the architect was no stranger to those elegant arts, which constitute the charms of civilized society. With a mixed sensation of gratitude and hope, he gazed, in silence, on the unexpected asylum prepared by heaven for his distress; scarce less astonished than the

astounded thane, when the last entrenchment of credulity was forced, and Burnham wood moved forwards in miraculôus march towards the moated walls of Dunsinane.

To his mortification, however, the door was locked. Yet, that the spot was inhabited, he could not doubt, when he discovered recent marks of cultivation, and even a small garden planted with common vegetables. Concluding, therefore, that the owner would speedily return, he seated himself on a bank of turf, which seemed evidently designed for a place of repose. Close beside him grew a cherry tree; and though the fruit was not yet in a state of maturity, hunger compelled him to gather a few of the ripest.

While feasting upon them, hard and sour as they were, a meagre figure, habited in brown, with a long and bushy beard, glided through the trees. Upon perceiving a human creature, it started back. Theodore arose, and approaching the venerable hermit with every mark of respect, was about

to apologize for his intrusion. Observing, however, that the pious owner of this sequestered cell appeared greatly troubled at the presence of a stranger, he also remained silent and confused.

After examining him for some minutes, with the scrutinising eye of suspicion, as if desirous of penetrating his secret thoughts, the hermit gradually assumed a more tranquil air; and stretching out his hand, in sign of hospitality, thus addressed the stranger, in a voice of gentleness and compassion:

“Welcome, thrice welcome! unfortunate wanderer, to this lonely spot of solitude and seclusion, whether grief or persecution tempts thee to fly the busy haunts of thy fellow men! For surely none would seek an asylum here, whom Sorrow marked not for her own.”

“True, father,” replied Theodore, “I am indeed unhappy; but, thanks to heaven! I was never criminal.”

The hermit suddenly turned pale; and,

clasping his hand, exclaimed: "If thou art innocent, thy fate is enviable! for guilt alone is void of consolation."

The strong emotion, with which he spoke, made a deep impression on the mind of Theodore; but, after a short pause, he thus resumed:

"Having assured you, holy father, that I am no outcast from society, it remains for me to explain the motives which brought me hither. Business of importance having led me far from home, I missed my way; and, in endeavouring to recover the right road, I entangled myself in the intricate mazes of this gloomy forest, till chance conducted me here."

"Poor youth!" returned the hermit, "in that case you may well be weary. But come with me, and you shall share the little that Providence enables me to bestow."

CHAP. IV.

In which an unexpected personage makes his appearance.

THE hermit now prepared his frugal meal, which consisted of dried fruits, bread, and cheese; and Theodore, having appeased the cravings of hunger, began to examine his generous host with greater attention. Care had, indeed, marked his forehead with the deepest furrows, yet his features were noble, and still retained an appearance of youth. His eye glowed with intelligence; and there was an air of dignity in all he did, which the garb of humility was unable to conceal.

If curiosity, as some moralists pretend, be an inherent quality in the human mind, nothing could be more natural, than that both Theodore and the hermit should feel

an anxious desire, to learn by what strange fatality they were brought together in that sequestered spot. No sooner, therefore, had the former made an end of his supper, than the latter requested to be more minutely informed of the occasion, which had procured him the inexpressible happiness of once more hearing the sound of a human voice.

“ I was going,” replied the youth, “ as I told you before, to a village not far from the skirts of this forest; and, having neglected the directions which were given me, had wandered long out of the right road, before I was aware of my error; while every effort, I made to recover the path, served only to involve me in still greater difficulties.”

“ That I can easily conceive,” said the hermit, “ as these woods are extensive, and little frequented. My habitation is full two hours walk from the nearest hamlet. The astonishment which I expressed at finding you here, may prove to you how

long it is since I enjoyed the society of a fellow creature."

Here the conversation ceased, as they both seemed equally buried in painful reflections. Yet there was something so highly interesting in the hermit's manner, that Theodore, for a moment, grew insensible to his own misfortunes, while he contemplated those of the stranger. The longer he examined his countenance, the more he was persuaded that his misfortunes were of no ordinary kind; and this conviction at length determined him to lay a claim to reciprocal confidence, by an immediate disclosure of his own sad story.

Theodore. "Though you, like myself, are a victim to the persecutions of Fortune, I cannot but envy you this tranquil retreat; for here you are able to indulge your sorrows without any interruption."

Hermit. "That privilege, believe me, is not always a source of gratification. For there are moments when the storm, which rages here, (*and in uttering these*

words he struck his breast with violence) beats down every bulwark of opposing reason."

Theodore. "I perfectly agree with you, that it is from the situation of our own hearts, and not from extraneous circumstances, that happiness, or misery arises. Yet still, I am inclined to think, that felicity is rarely to be met with in the busy world; and that it more frequently dwells in the solitary cell, where neither the vices, nor passions of men violate the awful silence, disturbing contemplation in her solemn office."

Hermit. "These sentiments are congenial to my own; and so far as I can judge from this short acquaintance, there is a secret sympathy between us. Yet various are the duties of active life, and strong the ties which bind us to society; while few are the motives which can justify man in renouncing his proper sphere."

Theodore. "To me the love of retirement appears a sufficient inducement."

Hermit. “ Unless I greatly mistake your character, it is not yours.”

Theodore. “ I confess your suspicions to be just; and, in order to convince you that they are so, I will, with your permission, disclose to you every incident of my life.”

Hermit. “ In doing so, you will gratify me highly; though I dared not ask it.”

Theodore now entered into a minute detail of all his thoughts and actions; at which the hermit was so deeply affected, that he shed many tears; and, embracing him tenderly at the conclusion, he exclaimed, in a tone of admiration: “ Thou art indeed a noble youth! and hast a claim to equal confidence. To-morrow thou shalt hear the sad recital of all my sufferings; and when thou knowest them, thou wilt bless the power, which has left thee guiltless.

“ To-night you shall occupy my humble couch; for you are fatigued both in body and mind, and have the greatest need of repose. I too have need of reflection. to

prepare for the execution of my promise; for till now the dreadful mystery was never revealed to mortal ear."

Theodore in vain endeavoured to excuse himself from accepting of the hermit's bed, protesting, that he could sleep equally well on the ground; but the generous recluse would admit of no denial, so that he was ultimately constrained to comply. The hermit's chamber, though small, was neat. The furniture consisted of a chair, a bed, and a table, and over the latter hung the portrait of a lady of exquisite beauty. Theodore was not a little surprised at discovering such a treasure in the possession of a man, who had abandoned the cares and pleasures of the world. Yet it soon occurred to him that the female, whose charms he contemplated with so much delight, might possibly be the cause, for which the solitary tenant of this sequestered cell had renounced all intercourse with society.

And this suspicion contributed not a little to increase his curiosity.

The next morning he found the solitary sitting on the green bank before the door, apparently buried in a profound reverie.

“ I fear,” said Theodore, “ you must have passed an uncomfortable night, while I was sleeping at my ease.”

“ Far from it, my young friend,” replied the man of sorrow. “ The company of an intelligent being has excited feelings in my breast, to which it has been a stranger for many years; and I have been seriously reflecting upon your situation, which is far from appearing to me in so desperate a light, as the fears of a lover represent it.——However, before we proceed further in our conversation, let us pay our morning tribute to the father of the afflicted, who proportions our strength to our trials.

With these words, he knelt down, and prayed with a fervor which recalled to our hero's mind his venerable friend father

Anthony. Their devotions finished, the hermit led Theodore to a mossy bank, and began his story in the following words :

“ For reasons which, you cannot fail to approve, I shall conceal the name of my family, and content myself with saying that there was a time when I gloried in wealth, and power, and the unsullied honors of an illustrious descent. These were blessings, which I frequently abused, as most men do, who enjoy them. I mean not to accuse myself of being particularly addicted to vice. But it is the natural consequence of those erroneous principles, that are too generally pursued in domestic education, to excite ideas of greatness in the infant mind which are frequently productive of the severest calamities.

“ Yet, while I feel myself humbled to the very dust, I am convinced that such is the order of nature, and that for pride to suffer, is the necessary consequence of a system, pure and perfect as that to which we belong. No man, I am per-

suaded, can doubt the truth of this, who examines the symmetry and regularity which prevail in every part of the universe. While in the awful silence of night I contemplate the myriads of stars which perform their measured course at stated periods, or give life and animation to innumerable worlds,—when I behold the lightnings flash;—when I hear the pealing thunders roll;—or see the uprooted pine lie prostrate on the ground, I bow under the consciousness of my own insignificance, astonished that such an atom as man, should presume to boast of strength, or reason. Yet harmless are the raging elements compared with those destructive tempests, which pride, ambition, and jealousy excite.

“ In my youth, I was a soldier, and have been a spectator of all the calamities of war. Yes, meek and humble as I am grown, I have seen rapine, lust, and slaughter, stalk through a captured city; deaf to the cries of innocence, and rioting

in the charms of violated beauty. Courts also have I visited, those envied dwellings of exalted misery, where fraud, hypocrisy, and artifice, triumph securely over modest probity, and unassuming sense ; and where the insinuating smile too often covers a revengeful heart. Violent are the concussions of jarring interests, and dreadful the devastations of the sweeping storm ; still, however, nature maintains a steady course ; still social order is preserved.

“ But enough of moralising, which serves only to delay the dreadful moment of painful confidence. Yet agonising as the confession of an atrocious crime must prove to every one, whose heart is not totally depraved ; there are circumstances of palliation connected with the deed, which, I trust, will atone both to heaven and to man.

“ Being the heir of an illustrious house, I was educated to the profession of arms. Not far from our castle, lived an intimate friend of my father's, a man no less dis-

tinguished for his moral qualities, than for the purity of his blood; but whose fortune was unequal to his descent. The strictest intimacy subsisted between the two families, so that scarcely a day passed without their meeting. Baron N —, had a daughter only two years younger than myself. From our infancy, we had been play-fellows, and were never so happy as when we were together. This early inclination increased with our years, till our hearts were united by the fondest ties of confidence and esteem. Convinced that there is no permanent happiness independent of conjugal affection, my father beheld our growing attachment, with secret satisfaction. Not so my mother, who had ever viewed, with an eye of envy, the proud distinctions of a court, and inwardly regretted, though she esteemed my father, that she had been united to a man, whose love of retirement prevented her from shining in her proper sphere. To her a rural life appeared a state of confinement, and the intercourse

of civility, which she was obliged to maintain with the neighbouring families, she regarded as the severest penance that conjugal obedience could impose.

“ With such ideas, you may easily imagine, that she disapproved my connection with a person, whose fortune was inadequate to her boundless ambition. For she fondly nourished the most extravagant hopes of aggrandisement by uniting me to the heiress of a rich and illustrious house. This scheme, however, she cautiously concealed till after my father’s death, contenting herself with objecting to my marriage on account of my youth, and advising me to visit the different courts of Germany, before I thought of settling for life. But no sooner was my father gone, than she assumed a different tone, painting in attractive color the charms of power, and endeavouring by the most artful insinuations, to call in vanity to her aid. Convinced at length by many a fruitless effort, that my attachment was too

sincere to be shaken, she resolved to have resource to other measures, and to risk every thing rather than abandon her plan: Pretending, therefore, that her sole object was to render me happy, she promised no longer to oppose my wishes, provided my sentiments should remain unaltered, at the end of the ensuing campaign. To this I readily agreed, delighted to obtain my mother's consent on such easy terms.

“ To you, who are no stranger to the power of love, it is needless to expatiate upon the pangs of absence. Yet painful as the parting proved, it was mitigated by the consolatory idea, that the period of our separation would be short, and that when we met again, we should be united for ever.

“ This, however, my mother had secretly determined to prevent; and had laid the snare with so much art, that it was hardly possible to avoid it. For some time she permitted our correspondence to proceed with regularity; but, by degrees, it

became less frequent, till at length it totally ceased, without any reason being assigned.

“ Having thus awakened the fears of my destined bride, she took advantage of my pretended silence, to represent me as false to my former vows, inhumanly asserting, that I was married to a Bohemian lady of immense property. This she effected with the greatest facility; since, in the full confidence of an unsuspecting heart, I permitted all our letters to pass through her hands.

“ This cruel blow was too severe for a mind delicately alive to every tender feeling. A long and dangerous illness ensued, from which the injured angel recovered only to take the veil. Scarce had she breathed the fatal vow, when I returned exulting from the field of conquest; yet by no means exempt from apprehension on account of the health of her whom I adored; as my mother, the better to impose on my credulity, had informed me, that she had broken her right arm, by a fall from a

horse; and that this accident prevented her writing.

“ Judge, therefore, what my sensations must have been, when I found all my hopes of happiness for ever frustrated;—found myself beguiled, deceived,—the easy prey of an ambitious woman!——Atlas! young man, the recollection of that horrid scene is still so fresh, that all the avenging furies of a troubled conscience assail me now.—Suffer me, therefore, to draw a veil over that dreadful moment of excruciating anguish, and content yourself with knowing, that I was hurried on by the demon of revenge, till my mother fell a victim to my rage.”

Theodore listened in mute attention, while indignation, compassion, and terror, by turns, took possession of his soul. At every word, which the hermit uttered, his curiosity augmented; yet he had hitherto suppressed the suspicions that rushed upon his mind, lest, by an unguarded expression, he should interrupt the narrative. But no

sooner did the man of sorrow pause, than he seized on the first interval of silence, to clear up his doubts

“ Powers of mercy !” cried he, “ it must be Adolphus !”

“ Mysterious heaven !” exclaimed the hermit, with the strongest expression of wonder, “ can this be real ? or art thou a supernatural being, sent hither to confound me ? Say, is the name of parricide indelibly imprinted on my forehead ? or, has the voice of reprobation trumpeted my guilt over all the earth ?”

“ It is hardly possible,” replied Theodore, in the softest tone of sensibility, “ that the adventures of any two persons should correspond so exactly in every particular. The story, to which I allude, was told me by my sister, who was the bosom friend of the unfortunate Eliza.”

At the name of Eliza, the hermit's head sunk on his breast ; and, covering his face with his hands, he sobbed aloud. In a few minutes, however, he collected his strength, and thus resumed :

“ It is true, I am that wretched outcast;—that scorn of men, who once was the destined husband of the lovely Eliza. Undisguised I appear before you, in all the deformity of unbridled passion.—Then spare me not!—Spare not the monster, whose crimes, like Cain’s, cry aloud for vengeance! But tear open the wounds of my yet bleeding heart, which neither the oblivious hand of time, nor sleepless nights of unremitting penitence, have calmed. Oh! tell me, I conjure you, since you are acquainted with my Eliza’s destiny, what she thinks of the guilty Adolphus? Does she abhor the bloody assassin of her who gave him birth? or, listening to the fond suggestions of a benevolent heart, does she implore forgiveness for his monstrous crimes?”

Theodore would gladly have excused himself from an office, which could not fail, if faithfully discharged, to wound more deeply the aching soul of Adolphus. But he had unwarily drawn on himself the

painful task, and was forced, though reluctantly, to execute it. He accordingly communicated to him every circumstance of Eliza's life, as he had learned it from Theresa's mouth; and which had made so deep an impression on his memory, that nothing material was omitted.

CHAP. V.

In which the Hermit's story proceeds.

THOUGH the hermit was deeply affected at the untimely fate of Eliza, yet he derived a melancholy consolation from the assurance of having possessed her unaltered affections to the latest moment of her life.

Embracing Theodore, he wept upon his neck; exclaiming in the fulness of his soul, "How grateful am I to providence for having directed your steps to this solitary spot! For you have afforded to my soul the only comfort, that it is capable of tasting on this side the grave. I dreaded the effects of falshood, and misrepresentation on the spotless mind of Eliza; for the unfeeling world make little allowance for the violence of con-

tending passions, when acting upon a soul rendered frantic by despair."

Having given way to the emotions of grief, the hermit continued his mournful narrative.

"At the time of perpetrating the horrible deed, I was so entirely bereft of reason, that I remained totally unconscious of what I had done. Yet hurried away by a resistless impulse, I fled to the adjacent woods, where I wandered for two days and nights, without tasting any food. In this miserable condition I was discovered by a faithful servant, who had attended me from my infancy, and whose attachment justly entitles him to the appellation of friend. When he found me, my intellects were so much disordered, that it was with the greatest difficulty he made me sensible of the danger to which I was exposed, unless I immediately quitted the country. At length, however, the fatal truth flashed on my mind; when the first idea which presented itself, was that of resigning

myself into the hands of justice. But from this I was deterred; upon maturer reflection, by a lurking sentiment of pride, and the respect that is due to an illustrious name. For although in the eye of reason, it is guilt, not punishment, which brings real disgrace, yet the ill-judging world have determined otherwise, deeming the scaffold more dishonorable than the crime.

“ Yet life was now become such a burden to me, that unable any longer to struggle against my feelings, I was tempted to add to the enormity of my offence, by putting a period to my own existence. Honest Gaspar, who suspected my intention, scarce ever left me alone: Once, however, I found means to elude his vigilance, and threw myself into the Danube. But scarce had I quitted the cottage, where we had taken refuge, than he was apprised of my flight, and following me to the river, saw me rise. In an instant, he plunged into the rapid stream, totally regardless of his own safety, and seizing me by the hair, brought me senseless to the shore.”

“The shock, occasioned by the near approach of death, produced a sudden revolution in the whole train of my ideas. Convinced that a life of continual suffering was the only proper atonement that I could offer to heaven, I resolved to endure my pangs, excruciating as they were.

“No sooner had I embraced this pious resolution, than I wrote to my brother, abandoning every claim to my paternal estate, and requesting that the family would henceforth consider me, as dead to the world and all its concerns.

“In this state of mind, a convent appeared the only rational resource. Accompanied by my faithful Gaspar, I sat out on foot, directing my steps towards the Alps; where, amid regions of eternal snow, I had formerly heard that there were some religious houses, peculiarly calculated, on account of their rigorous discipline, and benevolent institutions, to become the abode of penitence, and expiation.

“ During the third day's journey we missed our road, when chance conducted us to this lonely spot. The awful shade of these reverend pines, and the total sequestration which they afforded, were so congenial to my feelings, that no sooner had I examined the romantic scenery than I determined to fix my habitation here. *Under yonder tree*, cried I, as if actuated by a resistless impulse, *will I build my hut, and here, striking the ground with my stick, here shall be my grave!*

“ Gaspar was too much accustomed to the flights of my disordered fancy, to believe me serious; but was persuaded that reflection would render me sensible to the danger and difficulty of so chimerical a scheme. Finding, however, that I was riveted to this gloomy solitude, as by a magic spell, he declared his resolution never to forsake me, but to share my destiny, whatsoever it might prove. At the same time he proposed, that we should both assume the habit of St. Francis.

This scheme coincided so exactly with my wishes, that we prepared to execute it without further delay.

“ As we were perfect strangers in Bavaria, Gaspar undertook to explore the country, in search of a place, where we might procure dresses, provisions, and the necessary implements for labor.

“ It was late on the following evening before he returned. He informed me that the nearest village lay at the distance of about two leagues from this spot; that he had made various inquiries concerning the wood, from which he learned, that it was little frequented, on account of a popular opinion, which universally prevailed, of its being haunted by evil spirits.

“ This relation served as a further inducement for my settling here, as it seemed to secure me against what I dreaded most, the sight of a fellow creature.

“ Gaspar having purchased a few common tools, we began our work on the following morning. After driving several strong

and pointed stakes into the ground, we wove between them the green and flexible boughs, which we cut from the adjacent trees, and covering the top with the bark, we were soon in possession of a habitable shed, which was gradually improved, till it ultimately assumed its present form. Our attention was next directed towards a garden. Seeds were bought at the nearest town, together with a few common fruit trees, all of which, as you see, have succeeded tolerably well.

“ By degrees, the news of our arrival was buzzed abroad, and excited such general curiosity, that Gaspar was exposed to a thousand idle questions. No person, however, had yet ventured to visit our retreat; but in order to guard against the possibility of a discovery, we deemed it prudent to encourage the prevailing prejudice, by patrolling the skirts of the forest by night, and alarming the inhabitants by the most hideous noises.

“ The first months of my residence here

were passed in a state of mental agitation, little short of insanity. The horror of my crime, increased by reflection, was constantly present to my imagination. The angry spirit of a murdered parent pursued me incessantly, upbraiding me with the atrocious deed, and calling on heaven for revenge. At these dreadful moments I had recourse to prayer: I fell on my knees, imploring pardon, and seldom supplicated in vain. At length, either satiated with the torments which she had inflicted, or compelled by an over-ruling power to mitigate her resentment, the persecuting phantom disappeared for ever. These terrific scenes were usually succeeded by moments of consolation. The gentle form of Eliza appeared to comfort me, and often have I listened to her soothing accents, till I fancied myself transported into paradise."

Theodore was deeply affected at all he heard, yet nothing struck him more, than the attachment of Gaspar towards his unfortunate master. Highly interested in

every thing that concerned him, he requested to be informed by what event Adolphus had been separated from the faithful companion of his misery.

“ No sooner was my habitation finished,” replied Adolphus, “ than I earnestly conjured him to return again to the performance of those duties, from which no offence against the laws of society had excluded him, and offered him all the money that I had left. For a long time he was deaf to my intreaties, declaring that he could never endure a world, which had behaved towards his dear master with so much cruelty. At length, however, I prevailed on him to quit me, though in doing so, he seemed rather to yield to authority, than to act from conviction. Our parting, as you may well imagine, was highly painful to us both. The idea of never more conversing with a human being; of never, perhaps, again hearing the cheering sound of mortal voice, assailed my imagination with all its horrors. But time accustoms man to every privation,

and I had almost got the better of these uneasy sensations, when six months after his departure, the honest fellow entered my cell."

"I have," said he, "in compliance with your commands, made another trial of the world; but it has served only to convince me more strongly than ever, that it is not a fit place for an honest man to inhabit. Upon leaving you, I went to Munich, where I thought myself certain of gaining a livelihood. But I soon discovered, that if I wished to prosper, I must set conscience at defiance; since in populous cities, there are none but rogues who thrive. For interest," added he, "whether disguised under a star, or plodding in a counting-house, is the never-failing source to which every action may be traced."

"Tenderly embracing the affectionate fellow, I told him that I should henceforth regard him in no other light than that of a friend. From that moment we lived toge-

ther in the strictest harmony, unembarrassed by any of those humiliating distinctions, which civilised society has established between beings, whom virtue ought to equalize. Secluded from all commerce with mankind, we were no less strangers to their concerns, than if we had dwelt in a different planet. The cultivation of our little garden afforded exercise and amusement; while the rest of the day was pretty equally divided between conversation and prayer.

“ Thus weeks and months glided imperceptibly away, without leaving any impression on the mind, save that of a pleasing melancholy; when it seemed good to the dispenser of all human blessings, to deprive me of my friend.”

The sad recollection drew a tear from the hermit's eye; and, while he wiped it away with the back of his hand, Theodore sat pensive and silent. Then, waking as it were from a dream, he started up, and, seizing the hand of Adolphus, exclaimed,

in impassioned accents: "Should Leonora be lost, I will be a Gaspar to thee. Yes! here will I seek that peace of mind, which men deny me!"

After assuring him, that the society of such a companion would prove the greatest consolation which heaven could bestow, Adolphus conjured him to weigh the subject maturely, before he finally determined upon abandoning the world.

"The situations in which we are placed," added he, "are widely different. The enormity of my offence has deservedly cut me off from all communication with my fellow men; but you possess the esteem and affection of many valuable friends, and by submitting with resignation to your cruel destiny, may afford a salutary lesson to mankind."

Theodore was compelled to acknowledge the truth of this remark, yet his feelings were far from convinced; for it frequently

happens, even to the most virtuous, that reason and sensibility draw different ways, so that it is absolutely necessary to silence the latter, before the former is able to act.

CHAP. VI.

How frail are all human resolutions!

THE gloomy solitude, in which he was now buried, was so congenial to the feelings of Theodore, that he resolved to pass the remainder of his life in the company of Adolphus, in case he should fail in his attempts to deliver Leonora. And he was expatiating, the following evening, on the charms of retirement, when he was suddenly interrupted by the sound of steps. An event so unexpected occasioned the greatest surprise both to him and Adolphus. The latter turned pale, and gazed around with a look of perturbation; then fixed his eyes on Theodore, with an expression of doubt, which seemed to say, "Thou hast betrayed me."

Theodore, who read his thoughts, was on the point of speaking in his own justification, when Steinfeld and Martin appeared.

The former, darting forward, and pressing our hero to his bosom in an ecstasy of joy, cried out:

“ Thank heaven! I have found you at last, after two days fruitless search. For I easily traced you to this accursed forest; and, hearing that it was inhabited by a hermit, I no longer doubted of meeting with you, provided I could discover his cell.”

As the evening was closing fast, Frederic insisted upon Theodore's accompanying him to an adjacent village, where he had left his horses, and where thy could procure accommodations for the night; and with this proposal, though reluctantly, he was obliged to comply, after taking an affectionate leave of Adolphus.

Frederic now acquainted him, that, upon receiving his letter, he set out immediately for Ingolstadt, and being there informed

of his departure, had followed his foot-steeps till he at length arrived at the farm-house, where he had passed two nights, and where he collected sufficient intelligence to lead to a discovery of his retreat. He concluded, by pressing Theodore to go with him to Steinfeld castle, where he promised, that he should meet with every attention which the tenderest sympathy could bestow.

To this our hero warmly objected, protesting, that nothing should induce him to give up the pursuit of Leonora, after tracing her so far. Frederic, on the contrary, endeavoured to persuade him, that the inquiries, which he had already made, in so many different places, could hardly escape the vigilance of those, whose object it was to conceal her. So that, were he even to succeed in finding out the convent where she was confined, he would have little hope of being able to see her. He proposed, therefore, to send Martin in disguise to every town and village, where a nunnery was situated, that he might learn

if a lady had been lately carried there ; and that the moment he could obtain any satisfactory intelligence, he should return to the castle.

There was something so reasonable in this proposal, that Theodore at last was compelled to adopt it ; confessing, with his usual candor, that his mind was too much agitated, to leave him in a situation for judging himself. This plan being settled, Martin received his instructions from Theodore, and was ordered to commence his researches at the break of day.

No argument was omitted by Frederic, that could tend in the least to comfort his friend. On the way to Steinfeld castle, he assured him, that nothing in his power should be left untried to rescue Leonora from captivity, when the place of her confinement was known. Nor did he think, he said, that this would prove a very arduous undertaking, as they might depend upon her concurring in every attempt to effect her escape. This point being once

accomplished, he should advise their flying to Switzerland, till the family was reconciled. In the mean time, he engaged, not only to provide for all his domestic comforts, but to procure him a reputable establishment, the moment he could return with safety to his native country.

It was late when the two friends arrived at the castle, where they were received by Theresa with the warmest marks of affection; nor was she a little rejoiced to behold her brother more reconciled to his fate, than she expected to find him. For the promises of her husband had succeeded in producing a temporary calm, and even of exciting the chimeras of hope in the breast of Theodore.

The ensuing morning was productive of a scene, which clearly shewed, notwithstanding the assertions of pride and avarice, that gratitude and love are the necessary consequences of kindness and liberality. Every being who lived under the lenient jurisdiction of Frederic, or who was fed by

the bounty of Theresa, assembled on the lawn to testify their respect towards the brother of their amiable lady; whom they adored as a guardian angel, sent by heaven to rescue them from poverty and oppression.

At any other time, a sight like this would have excited the liveliest sympathy in Theodore's bosom, but his heart was dead to every pleasing emotion, and sensible only to the bitterness of grief.

"I hope you slept well," said Theresa, as he entered the breakfast room.

"A sleep of agony," replied he, with a deep sigh, "and would to God it had been my last!"

Terrified at the tone in which he spoke, Theresa cast a look on Frederic, expressive of the tenderest anxiety; for she began seriously to fear that her brother's intellects were affected.

Frederic penetrated her thoughts, and, in order to convince her of her mistake, inquired affectionately, if any thing had happened.

“ Happened?” cried Theodore, in the broken accents of despair. “ The last thread of life is snapped asunder——But you shall judge yourselves. I am not accustomed, as you both can witness, to yield to the degrading weaknesses of superstition. Yet that heaven at times foretels to man his wretched destiny, in dreams and visions, we cannot doubt. This is a fact which history confirms, though the proud philosophy of modern times refuses to admit it, as it does every other theory for which it is unable to find a satisfactory solution. But amid the wrecks and ruin that surround me, I am grateful to Providence for having bestowed on me that simplicity of understanding, which allows me to enjoy the inestimable blessing of faith.

“ I trust that this explanation will, in some degree, account for the strong impression which my dream has made. No! never will the horrid vision be effaced from my imagination!

“ By heaven! it was more than the il-

lusion of fancy. It was Leonora herself in an embodied form. Pensive she approached my bed, and, drawing open the curtains, called me by my name. I started at the sound of that beloved voice; and, raising my eyes, beheld her covered with a long, black veil, which reached to her feet. She threw it back, and displayed a countenance, pale, sickly, and emaciated. Yet she both breathed and spoke. Nay more, she touched my cheek: with her cold, icy hand she touched it. Commanding me to follow, she led the way. Long did we wander through a narrow, damp, and vaulted passage, treading on skulls, and bones, and mouldering skeletons. At length I felt the keen morning air blow sharp upon me; and, mounting a winding stair-case, we found ourselves in a burying-ground; faintly lighted by the beams of the watery moon, breaking at intervals through the dark, stormy clouds. It was with difficulty that I could see my way, but she held my arm, and forced me

to proceed over stones and hillocks, till we came to an open grave. Instantly she sunk, and, with a piercing shriek, vanished from my sight. I fain would have followed; but the earth closed instantly upon her; all my efforts were vain; and in the painful struggle I awoke!"

The cold sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, as he spoke; the color forsook his cheeks; his legs tottered, and he sunk into a chair.—

There are situations in which all arguments are thrown away. For it is fruitless to reason, when the mind embraces error with voluntary blindness. Such now was Theodore's case; and his friends, who perceived it, acted, on this occasion, like real friends; since, instead of baiting him with scraps of common-place morality, they left him in the undisturbed possession of his chimera, though they endeavoured, by a thousand delicate attentions, to divert his thoughts towards some less gloomy subject.

The alterations which were going on in

the parks and gardens, afforded many a satisfactory pretext. At one time, his sister wanted to consult him about some fresh improvements; at another, to ask his opinion respecting those which had been already made; while her lively sallies would occasionally force a smile even from the callous brow of despair.

The castle had undergone a thorough metamorphose. Papers, and printed cottons now filled the place of rusty armour, faded damask, and guilt leather. In a word, all the tawdry trappings of baronial ostentation had been committed to the flames, and were replaced by furniture of a more fashionable form, which gave an air of elegance and gaiety to the princely mansion. The grand avenue, indeed, was preserved in favour of its majestic trees but the fossè was planted with flowers, the stables and kennel pulled down, and the spot where they stood was converted into a beautiful lawn. Thus the reformation was not only complete, but, what is rarely to

be met with, under similar circumstances, had been conducted with temper and moderation. So that, although there were no longer any remains of feudal grandeur, except the stately castle, the sagacious owners had prudently avoided to overturn that magnificent edifice, under the specious plea of amelioration.

CHAP. VII.

Which is scarce long enough to make any one yaw.

THEODORE, though formed by nature to taste all its simple beauties, and who, when a child, was in raptures at the winding rivulet, or the delving glen, now viewed every object with an air of indifference, or of cold restraint. There were moments, indeed, when he would affect a gaiety that was foreign to his heart; but he played his part so awkwardly, that nobody was deceived.

When alone with his sister, he would talk for hours of the charms and virtues of Leonora, while Theresa listened with an angelic patience, endeavouring by an artful mixture of sympathy and consolation, to soothe the tempest of his soul. Yet she saw with regret, notwithstanding all his assertions to the contrary, that the de-

luder hope, lay concealed in the inmost folds of his heart. For hours together he would walk up and down the avenue, in expectation of Martin's arrival. His first business in the morning was to inquire after him, and every evening he retired to rest, with evident marks of disappointment.

Nor was Frederic less surprised at the long absence of that faithful domestic, and felt much at a loss in what manner to behave towards his afflicted friend. For while he dreaded the effects of his excessive sensibility, he was aware of the danger of raising expectations which he had absolutely renounced himself.

At the end of three weeks, however, Martin appeared; not, indeed, to the eyes of Theodore, as his master had taken every necessary precaution to have him detained at the adjacent village, till he had conversed with him in private.

The result of this conference proved far from satisfactory, as Martin had never been able to recover the traces of Leonora. He

had learned, indeed, that there were four female-convents in that part of the electorate, to each of which he had repaired. But so rigid was the discipline observed in them all, that he had never found means to enter into conversation with any person belonging to the nunneries. Nor could he hear in the neighbourhood, that any young lady had been lately received as a pensioner.

Having listened attentively to the honest fellow's report, Steinfield positively forbid him to communicate this intelligence to Theodore, from whom he resolved to conceal the fatal truth. Martin was, therefore, instructed to say, that although he had been prevented by the vigilance of her jailers from getting a sight of Leonora, he had the greatest reason to believe that he had discovered the place of her confinement; and had actually engaged one of the servants in his interest, who had promised to send him a special messenger, the very moment he was able to ascertain the fact.

This simple story produced the desired

effect. For some time, Theodore appeared tolerably at his ease; for he was so totally unacquainted with deceit, that he never suspected any one of employing it. But as day after day elapsed, without bringing any intelligence, his impatience gradually returned, and he was continually questioning Martin.

Martin, though an intelligent fellow, was ill calculated for acting the part, which his master had allotted him, for he had all the simplicity of a child. When pressed by Theodore, he was totally at a loss what to say, and answered with a degree of hesitation, which must inevitably have betrayed his secret to a more curious observer of mankind.

CHAP. VIII.

In which a new character appears.

AMONG the visitors who frequented the castle, no one was more assiduous than count Rothfels. He was young and amiable. His fortune was large, his understanding cultivated, his temper mild and engaging. The deep impression of sorrow, which marked the features of our hero, interested Rothfels in his favor, from the first moment of their acquaintance; but when he heard his melancholy story, compassion was converted into friendship, and he would have given the world to serve him.

Had their intimacy commenced at any other time, Theodore would have been delighted with the count, and placed him next to Frederic in his heart. But Roth-

fels was the favorite of Fortune, and the smile of contentment enlivened his brow. This placed an almost insuperable barrier in the way of confidence. For it is seldom to the rich, or prosperous, that the child of sorrow applies for consolation. It is to the bosom bleeding under the scourge of persecution; to the care-worn, meagre countenance, and to the anguished soul, betraying its pangs in half stifled sighs, that it looks for sympathy.

The coldness with which his advances were returned, escaped not the notice of Rothfels, who unfortunately attributing it to personal dislike, could not help being piqued at the behaviour of Theodore.

It was not, however, from Rothfels alone that Theodore fled. All company was equally irksome, except that of his sister, and Steinfeld. There was a shady bower, situated in a remote corner of the garden, which had been spared in the general reform, where he frequently retired to indulge his gloomy thoughts. While musing

there one morning, Martin accidentally passed. Theodore called to him, and in a tone of impatience inquired, if he had received any intelligence from the convent.

Martin. Not a word, your honor.

Theodore. Nor ever will, I believe.

Martin. A little more patience, sir.

Theodore. Martin, I fear you are deceiving me. But I can no longer endure this killing suspense. Tell me, therefore, I conjure you by every principle of probity and honor, if you have any hopes yourself of hearing again from your friend?

The look of despair, which accompanied this question, penetrated to the soul of Martin, who, unable to restrain his feelings sobbed out,

“ I can bear it no longer. Let master say what he will, the truth must out.”

Theodore. Conceal it not, whatever it may be.

Martin. Why then, sir, I must own, that I know nothing at all about the young lady. But I hope you will forgive me, as

it's the first lie, I ever told in my born days.

Theodore. Know nothing of her?

Martin. I could procure no tidings whatever.

Theodore. Oh mercy! mercy!

With this exclamation he started up, and running furiously towards the house was met by Frederic, who alarmed at the wildness of his look, inquired eagerly what new misfortune had befallen him.

“ You best can tell,” answered Theodore angrily, whose officious friendship plunges me into despair.”

“ I understand you not,” said Steinfeld, lost in astonishment.

“ Then let Martin explain it!” cried he. “ No, never more will I confide in mortal, since you and Theresa have betrayed me.”

Steinfeld no sooner penetrated the cause of this sudden resentment, than he attempted to justify his conduct on motives of reason and humanity; assuring Theodore that he never should have had recourse to duplicity,

but from the full conviction that it was necessary to govern a temper so untractable as his.

This, however, was a doctrine, to which at all times, it would have been difficult to bring Theodore to assent.

For under all circumstances, he was the strenuous advocate of truth, and considered deceit as equally culpable, from whatever motive it proceeded: It was therefore no easy task, when pride and passion coincided with principle, to work upon his feelings! for to satisfy his understanding was beyond the reach of rhetoric; and even when he was prevailed on to pardon the stratagem, it was his sensibility, not his reason that yielded. He, however, positively declared his resolution of retiring to the hermitage for life; nor was it till after repeated solicitations that his sister could obtain the respite of a single week. But Frederic, who secretly resolved not to give up the point, observing that his friend grew more tractable by degrees, omitted no opportunity of turning

the conversation on religious retirement. Father Anthony, and Pfullendorf supplied ample materials, and he descanted on them with an eloquence that could hardly fail to persuade. Observing one day that Theodore listened with more than common attention, he proposed, in case he should be unalterably fixed upon quitting the world, that he should at least chuse a retreat, where he might still retain the power of being useful to his fellow creatures.

In making this proposal, Steinfeld's great object was to gain time; flattering himself, that the rigid discipline of a convent would prove so irksome to his friend, that he would entirely abandon the project, before the year of probation was terminated.

Theodore's resolution was visibly staggered; which Frederic no sooner saw, than he ventured to proceed another step, recommending a Benedictine Monastery, within a few miles of Steinfeld castle, as a more eligible residence than Pfullendorf. But

to this our hero strenuously objected, protesting that he would instantly join Adolphus, unless Frederic engaged to write directly to the Provincial of the Capuchins, to settle the time of his reception.

“ It is in vain,” said he, “ any longer to combat my wishes, since the experience of every hour more strongly convinces me, that such a world as this is, can never be the abode of permanent felicity. Even they, who like yourself, are most favored by heaven, hold their possessions by so precarious a tenure, that they can call nothing their own beyond the present moment. For there is nothing certain here below, except the evils of life. Every succeeding year takes from us some prop, to which declining age looked forward for support. May heaven long exempt you from the general lot of man ! In quitting you now, I have the satisfaction to leave you in the full enjoyment of every thing, that is most precious in life, and without a single care to obscure the delightful scene, when you

are delivered from the sight of a wretch so forlorn as I am.

“ My plan is fixed. I will remain no longer an obstacle to your happiness. Long may it continue. Long may you live an ornament and example to the world. My case is widely different. Religion alone can teach me to support my trials, and it is in the solitude of a cloister that I must endeavor to acquire it. There may I weep unheeded. My tears will trouble the repose of no man; and while I implore a speedy termination to my misery, I will solicit a blessing on you and your Theresa.”

Frederic was now so fully convinced of the inefficacy of all further opposition, that he wrote to the Provincial without loss of time.

CHAP. IX.

Plots and stratagems.

WHILE Theodore was waiting impatiently for the Provincial's answer, an event took place which, by rekindling hope, banished Pfullendorf, and father Anthony, from his thoughts.

Father Clements, a monk of the order of St. Francis, who had not so entirely renounced the good things of this world, as to be equally indifferent to stock-fish or sturgeon, was accustomed to take Rothfels' castle in his monthly rounds, though considerably out of the way, as he was sure of meeting with a plentiful dinner, and a bottle of excellent wine. Having made a little freer than usual with the latter, his heart expanded with each enlivening glass, till he began descanting, with all the warmth of

mundane admiration, on the charms of a novice, whom he had been summoned to attend on the preceding day. "Poor soul," said he, "my heart bled to see her. So beautiful ! and yet so sad ! I fear she has been treated cruelly, and that her grief will shortly kill her !"

The idea of Leonora presenting itself instantly to Rothfels, he endeavoured, by repeated questions, to lead his companion to more important discoveries. But whether the holy father grew apprehensive of having already transgressed the bounds of prudence, or was desirous of insuring an early invitation ; certain it is, that he evaded all further interrogatories, as soon as he found that he had excited the curiosity of his generous host. Nor could the united powers of persuasion and wine draw from him any thing more, than that the lady in question was the victim of an unhappy attachment, and was confined, in consequence, by her friends.

This story seemed to tally so exactly

with that of Leonora, that Rothfels resolved not to lose a moment in communicating his suspicions to Theodore; and he accordingly rode to Steinfeld castle the next day.

“ It is! it is Leonora!” cried Theodore in a transport. “ She is found! she is found! and no human power shall keep me from her.”

Alarmed at the impetuosity with which he spoke, his friends urged the necessity of reducing his passions under the controul of reason; since one hasty step would be sufficient to destroy every prospect of success. While Rothfels, in order to calm his impatience, promised to see father Clements as soon as possible, and to engage him in their interest, if bribes or caresses could do it.

Theodore's expectations were now wound up to the highest pitch, and he almost persuaded himself, that every impediment was surmounted, which impeded his union with Leonora. In vain his friends suggested to him the difficulties which he

would have still to encounter, even supposing their conjectures were founded in truth ; for they were justly apprehensive, that in case they should be deceived, disappointment might drive him to despair. But he treated their admonitions as the effect of indifference, accusing even Theresa herself of insensibility, although every hour afforded a convincing proof of the contrary.

After passing two days in this state of perturbation, Theodore had the satisfaction of beholding Rothfels enter the room ; who instantly informed him, that their surmises were confirmed, and that the lady in question was really Leonora.

He was here interrupted by the transports of Theodore, who throwing himself on his neck, overwhelmed him with thanks, calling him by every tender name that the warmest gratitude could inspire.

“ Father Clements,” continued Rothfels, so soon as Theodore would allow him to speak, “ was with me this morning,

when he acquainted me, that the convent is situated at Marienfeld, about fifteen leagues distant from hence, and that the young person, whom he visited, is the only daughter of a rich gentleman at Ingolstadt. He says that she is kept under the strictest confinement, and will certainly be compelled to take the veil, unless she consents to a marriage of her father's choice."

"And is this all you know?" cried Theodore despondingly.

"Why, what would the man have?" answered Rothfels smiling, "I have found out his mistress, and he is not satisfied yet. Such an unconscionable fellow would be equally discontented, though he had the means of sending her a letter."

"Is it possible?" said Theodore at once changing his tone to that of ecstasy.

"Nothing more easy," replied the count. "I have secured father Clements in our interest, who undertakes to deliver a letter to the captive beauty.

To this proposal, he at first made many objections, but at length I quieted his scruples, by the assurance that I am nearly related to Leonora, and deeply interested in her welfare. It is very possible that he may not believe one word of all this, but it served as a salvo for conscience, and that is all he requires."

Theodore's transports were unbounded at receiving this grateful intelligence. He ran from Thèresa to Rothfels, and from Rothfels to Frederic, embracing them alternately with the most incoherent expressions of rapture. Nor was it easy to bring him to that state of composure, which was requisite for writing even such a letter as the following:

To Leonora.

Does then my angel still exist? and exist for the happiness of her Theodore? while he, already mourned her dead, and watered her grave with his tears.

Thanks! eternal thanks! to the omniscient guide of all human events, I may

now look forward, with renovated hope, to the ecstatic bliss of calling thee mine.

I was bewildered in a trackless desert. The night was more than commonly obscure. The pelting hail fell heavily on my head. No hovel was near where I could fly for shelter. In an instant the black clouds dispersed. The brightening sky beamed with returning splendor; and my transported fancy beheld thee rising, like a divinity, in all the lustre of celestial virtue; to irradiate my way.

Yet whither does my imaginations lead me? for still thou weepest within the gloomy precincts of a prison, imploring me to break thy chains. I will come, my Leonora, I will hasten to thy succor. The evils thou endurest, shall pass away like the rolling storm, and thy remaining days be serene and cloudless.

Write immediately, for I shall expect thy answer with the utmost impatience. Instruct me how to act. Tell me by what methods I may elude the vigilance of thy jailers? how rescue thee from captivity?

I write from Steinfeld castle, secure of every assistance, that money or friendship can procure. But on thee I must ultimately depend, my adorable Leonora. Thy firmness, and constancy will decide our fate.

Father Clements may be depended on. He will take charge of your letter, which must be inclosed under cover to count Rothfels, who is intimately connected with this family, and pays his addresses to Sybilla. In order to conquer the friar's scruples, Rothfels has persuaded him that he is related to you. Beware, therefore, of undeceiving him, since on this innocent stratagem depends our success.

Adieu, beloved of my soul. If such be the transports of writing to you, how shall I outlive the rapture that awaits me!

Theodore.

Rothfels had appointed father Clements to meet him on the following morning. That interview was decisive, and he undertook to serve his generous benefactor with the most unbounded zeal. Nor was

he remiss in the execution of his office, since as he returned in four days with the following answer: -

“ Great, indeed, my beloved Theodore, were the transports, I experienced, at receiving your letter. That happy moment amply compensated for all my sufferings.

You call upon me to suggest a plan for my escape. Alas! guarded as I am by spies and grates, what can I do, but pray to heaven for my delivery? Besides, ill-usage and affliction have enfeebled the energies of my mind; I feel unequal to the smallest exertion. Nor have I a single friend to whom I can communicate my thoughts, or to whom I can apply for advice. To love, is here the blackest crime. The tenderest sentiments of nature are proscribed in this terrestrial purgatory, as the most unpardonable of all transgressions. Fasting, penitence, and tears, are the only inmates of this infernal sanctuary.

Procure me the means of flight, and I

will accompany you to the remotest corners of the earth; far, far from a country, where there are neither hearts to pity, nor justice to protect me.

Yet there is one inhabitant of this gloomy prison, who seems still to remember that she is of mortal extraction. Sister Bridget, whose peculiar office it is to attend the sick, never meets me without a look of compassion.

Ah! Theodore, none but those who have been exposed to the keen reproaches, the insulting sneers, and the despotic mandates of these chaste females, can conceive how delightful it is to the afflicted mourner, to trace the feelings of humanity on the brow of any one, who wears the veil of celibacy.

Let me, however, admonish you to act with the greatest prudence, in whatever you undertake, and to bear continually in mind, that your Leonora will become the victim of the smallest indiscretion.

Farewell! my beloved. I hear the hate-

ful bell, and must conclude. I go to my morning orisons, and fervently will I pray that we may shortly meet. Yes, such has been the subject of my earliest supplications; and ere I lay my head on the sleepless pillow, I repeat it with all the fervor of a saint."

No sooner had Theodore perused this letter, than giving it to Steinfeld,

"Tell me," he cried, "how I ought to act. Is it by force, or stratagem we must proceed?"

"Speak not of force," exclaimed his sister and Frederic in the same breath, "unless you wish to be for ever wretched."

"Convinced, as we now are," continued the latter, "of Leonora's concurrence, we may reasonably flatter ourselves with success, unless we defeat our schemes by precipitation and rashness. For to contend against the power of the church, would be the height of insanity."

"This is a point," said Rothfels, "on which I have already reflected; and I have

arranged a plan, in my mind, which can hardly fail to terminate favorably, if conducted with common sagacity. Father Clements has informed me, that he is commissioned by the abbess of Marienfeld, to look out for a gardener; the person who performed that office, being lately dead. Now what think you of Theodore's undertaking it in disguise?"

"Most admirably contrived," said Theresa.

"Supposing your brother will moderate his impetuosity, I perfectly agree with you," added her husband.

Theodore promised to conform implicitly to the counsel of his friends, provided no time was lost in procuring him the means of seeing Leonora. And it was accordingly settled, that, on the following morning, he should present himself at Rothfels castle, in the character of a labourer, who wanted employment. Nor did he doubt of being able to acquit himself tolerably well in his new employment, as

he had formerly been accustomed to assist in the cultivation of his father's garden.

This project was immediately put into execution, and our hero, being equipped with a short fustian jacket, and a blue apron, was engaged by Rothfels, under the name of George, and such were the skill and assiduity with which he worked, that no one entertained a suspicion that he had ever been used to a different situation, except a confidential servant of the count's, whose assistance seemed requisite for carrying on the plot.

CHAP. X.

In which the reader will see what are the best preservatives for female chastity.

A FEW days after Theodore was installed in his new office, father Clements made his appearance, and, being invited by the count to walk in the garden, was imperceptibly led to the spot where our hero was weeding the borders

“ This,” said the count, pointing to Theodore, “ is the young man of whom I was speaking. He seems a diligent and intelligent fellow, and I really am sorry to part with him. But as he and my gardener do not agree, it is impossible for me to keep them both; and the latter having lived many years in the family, I am compelled to sacrifice George, however reluctantly I may do so.”

“ ’Tis a hard case, to be sure,” answer-

ed Theodore, with a doleful countenance, “ that I should be turned adrift again, when I thought myself fixed for the winter. But I may starve, I warrant, for what any body cares.”

“ Thou shalt not starve, my honest lad,” replied the friar, “ for thou hast something about thee, that interests me greatly in thy favor. I will myself endeavour to provide for thee, and have a place in my eye which will suit thee to a tittle.”

Theodore thanked him with one of the awkwardest bows he could make ; and, as every thing succeeded according to father Clements’ wishes, he was presented to the abbess within a week after this conversation. That antiquated virgin received him with the most encouraging marks of favor, for which he was no less indebted to the elegance of his figure, than to the flattering testimonials of his new friend.

Theodore, being now an inmate of those holy walls, where his soul’s best treasure was confined, laboured with indefatigable

zeal to obtain the good will of the whole community. In this he succeeded beyond his fondest expectations, since whatever may have been his professional skill, he was possessed of those recommendations which few female hearts can withstand.

Twice every week, he was admitted into the presence of the abbess, to give an account of what he had done, and to receive instructions respecting what he was to do. At these times, the nuns occasionally made their appearance, but as they were always veiled, it was in vain that he sought for Leonora.

At length, however, he was gratified with the sight, if there could be any gratification in beholding the object of his tenderest affections, reduced to a state of death-like paleness, and tottering on the very verge of the grave. The emaciating hand of despair, had cast a livid hue over those lovely features, which glowed so lately with health and animation. Her arms were folded; her eyes cast downwards: she

raised them as she entered, and catching a glimpse of Theodore, sunk into a chair.

Nor was the situation of her lover less critical than her own. His color went and came. His limbs shook; his knees trembled; so that he was constrained to support himself against the iron grate. He was besides so totally engrossed with Leonora, that he either neglected to answer the abbess, or replied with such confusion, that had not her attention been luckily called away by some more pressing business, his agitation could hardly have escaped her notice.

No sooner was he alone in the garden, than he began seriously to reflect on the properest means of bringing the adventure to a speedy conclusion, for he was convinced of the impossibility of avoiding detection, if frequently exposed to similar trials. With this view, he omitted no opportunity of ingratiating himself with Bridget, of whom he entertained a favourable opinion, from what Leonora had

written. While on her part, she was so much flattered by the assiduities of a handsome young man, that she would have willingly exchanged the veil of celibacy for a bridal ring.

Mistaking the interest which a fine figure inspired for the genuine sensibility of a benevolent heart, Theodore was more than once on the point of discovering himself; but was as often prevented by the salutary reflection, that should she betray him, every hope of happiness was for ever lost.

Desirous, however, of procuring more satisfactory intelligence about Leonora, he ventured occasionally to make inquiries concerning the names, and quality of the pensioners. But this was a subject on which Bridget either preserved a mysterious silence or spoke in an indirect and evasive manner, so that all his information was reduced to this, that a young lady from Ingolstadt was among the number, who was oppressed by some violent affliction, which not only induced her to

shun all intercourse with the rest of the community, but had also materially injured her health.

This reserve on the part of Bridget determined Theodore to act with the greatest circumspection, and to communicate with Leonora by other means. He accordingly wrote to her in the tenderest terms, conjuring her to keep up her spirits under every trial, and to be prepared to fly on the first signal she should receive. This letter was conveyed to her by father Clements, who now acted in the capacity of her confessor, and who was blest with a conscience as truly casuistical, as if he had been educated in a seminary of Jesuits. But she was now so closely watched, that she sought in vain for an opportunity of seeing her lover, or even of sending him an answer.

Meanwhile Theodore grew every day a greater favorite with the abbess, who could not sufficiently commend him, so much was she charmed with his diligence. Nor

was she a little surprised to discover that an untutored peasant (and such she thought him) was possessed of vocal powers superior to any she had ever heard. For while our hero was employed in his daily labors, he would frequently sing some melancholy couplets of his own composition, without the smallest fear of being interrupted; since it was customary for the abbess to ring a bell, before she walked with the nuns, as a signal for George to retire. This notice being accidentally omitted, she entered unperceived by Theodore, who was singing the following stanzas :

How hard is my lot! for I labor all day,
That sleep may alleviate my woes;
Yet when worn out with toil on my truckle I lay,
'Tis in vain that I look for repose.

While planting a tulip, or pruning a vine,
To the muses for solace I fly;
For though humble my lot, I am fond of the nine,
No poet more ardent than I.

Love ever my theme; I am doom'd to complain,
And sigh to the murmuring gale;

I sing of its pleasure, I sing of its pain,
But the latter must ever prevail.

How hard, my Eliza, how cruel to part!
From a mistress so tender, and true;
'To know that I reign the sole lord of thy heart—
'To know it, and bid thee adieu.

In a dark, lonely cell, must thy graces be lost,
Mid companions so churlish and cold,
And fade like a lily, when nipp'd by the frost,
Ere half of its beauties unfold?

In vain their bright colors the flowers disclose,
In vain their sweet perfumes diffuse;
No odors exhale from the once fragrant rose;
No freshness descends with the dews.

But when parch'd by the sun, I behold them decline,
I pray that I may not survive—
How fruitless the wish! since I'm doom'd to repine—
Am doom'd to be wretched, and live!

Thus my fortune depends, dear Eliza, on thee,
One kiss would dispel ev'ry care.
Alone in thy arms there's a heaven for me—
But to lose thee, were utter despair!

“Bravo,” cried a voice, which he instantly knew to be that of the abbess, “you have a mighty pretty voice, young man,

though the words of your song are a little too free for the delicate ears of a nun."

Overwhelmed with confusion, and trembling lest he should inadvertently have discovered his secret, Theodore came from behind a thick hedge, and approaching the superior with a supplicating mien, began making his humble excuses. But scarce had he uttered a sentence, when his eyes were suddenly attracted by a figure, tall and graceful as that of Leonora. A secret sympathy whispered to his heart, that it could be no other than the object of his affections. What a moment was this for a lover! Placed within a few yards of her whom he adored, yet scarcely daring to look at her, for fear his emotion should betray him.

Nor was Leonora's agitation less violent. Her legs sunk under her, so that she was obliged to support herself on Bridget's arm, under pretence of a sudden indisposition.

Fortunately, however, the abbess was one of those convenient creatures, who

never see beyond the end of their noses ; and possessed that unbounded confidence in her own judgment, which is the unerring criterion of folly. Too proud to suspect that any thing improper could happen in a community, over which she had the honor to preside ; she attributed the confusion of Theodore to nothing but the fear of having offended her. For we must do her the justice to acknowledge, that she was a lady of the most unblemished reputation, and entertained as rigid notions of female chastity, as any duenna in Spain. Indeed, she seemed designed by nature to give a living lesson to the world, and had been so liberally treated by that indulgent parent, that neither locks, nor bars, nor iron grates were requisite to guard the sacred treasure. For from her cradle she was endowed with a guarantee far more efficacious than any which human prudence could devise, in a hump-back, bandy legs, blear eyes, and a distorted countenance.

CHAP. XI.



A tender interview.



BRIDGET'S partiality towards our hero seemed daily to increase, and with it her taste for a garden; from which she was never absent, when she could devise an excuse for being there. Indeed, so palpable was her weakness, that Theodore, unassuming as he was, at length perceived it, and secretly determined to encourage the flame, as the surest means of forwarding his project.

The autumn was now advancing, and the orange trees were, in consequence, to be carried into the green-house. Now as every thing within the walls of a convent, is conducted with the exactest regularity, the plants, as well as the nuns, have their al-

lotted stations, from which they cannot be moved without deranging the general economy. Bridget therefore requested permission to superintend this operation, and was more assiduous than ever in discharging it.

I have somewhere met with an author, who compares a female heart to tinder; and if the simile ever held good, it must certainly have been in a nunnery. Not that I ever heard of there being any thing more inflammable in the atmosphere of a convent, than in that of a playhouse.—But this I leave to philosophers to investigate, who may exercise their ingenuity that way in a manner full as harmless, as in attempting to shew, that the Illiad was written by a variety of poets; or, that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch.

But to return to Bridget, whose vocation most assuredly was not that of a nun; for she was precisely the reverse of the abbess. Strong, healthy, blooming, with ruddy cheeks, pouting lips, and a sufficient quan-

tity of *embonpoint*, she appeared formed for any thing rather than privation. So that little encouragement was required to draw from her a confession of that irresistible partiality, which she would have felt for every handsome young fellow in Theodore's situation. Blushing, she confessed her weakness, which was soon followed by the offer of quitting her present retirement, provided her dear George would promise to make her his lawful wife.

Theodore's situation was now become delicate in the extreme. For although nothing could be more repugnant to his principles than any species of deceit, yet so powerful was the influence of love, that he no longer hesitated to make the tender-hearted Bridget the instrument of his success, though possibly at the expense of her future happiness. He accordingly assured her, "that nothing could delight him more, than the prospect of sharing his lot in life with so fair a partner;" adding with a sigh, "that he foresaw a thousand obsta-

cles to their union, which perseverance alone could overcome."

Having thus engaged her affections in his interest, he turned the conversation towards domestic topics, and after asking various questions, concerning the internal regulations of the house, ventured at last to inquire, if the young lady from Ingolstadt was not the daughter of *hoffrath* Greiffenberg. Having replied in the affirmative, Bridget desired to know the cause of the great interest, which he seemed to take in every thing that related to that young lady.

"Gratitude," answered Theodore, endeavouring to hide his embarrassment, "is my only motive. For while I worked in her father's garden, (which I did for a year and a half,) I received a thousand little kindnesses from her. Believe me," continued he, with more warmth than prudence, "Miss Leonora is a perfect angel; and I have often lamented her hard fate, in belonging to a family, who know not how to value her merit. Nothing, my

dearest Bridget," added he, pressing her hand to his bosom, "could give me greater pleasure than an opportunity of speaking with her in private."

"A mighty odd request," cried Bridget, with a look of surprise, which escaped not our hero's notice.

"Less so, my sweet little nun," rejoined he, with affected tenderness, "than you may imagine, since I have something to tell her which concerns her nearly, and which might possibly tend to comfort her poor heart."

A proposal like this could not fail to excite many scruples in the breast of a woman, who had never entertained the faintest idea of transgressing the rules of the order, except when personal gratification was in question. But the moment was propitious; her feelings were roused; and she was pressed by a young and handsome youth, who spared neither intreaties, nor kisses, to carry his point. Under these circumstances, I am persuaded that very few of

my female readers will be surprised at her yielding a reluctant consent. On the contrary, they will probably think it fortunate for the tender hearted Bridget, that the favor solicited was not of greater importance.

Having at length succeeded in extorting a promise, that Leonora should meet him in the garden that very night, he quitted the love-sick nun, in order to consider whether it would be practicable to carry off his mistress without further preparation. But that this was impossible, a few minutes reflection served fully to convince him; since there was not time for Rothfels to be made acquainted with the design, whose horses and servants were indispensable to the execution.

Mean while the night came rapidly on. The clock struck ten, and as it vibrated through the vaulted cloisters, it excited in the breast of Theodore a mixed sensation of fear and expectation. He was certain that the pious sisters were retired to their cells, and buried in the

arms of sleep, save those who waked, like Leonora, and himself, to thoughts of illicit passion. In mute attention he listened to every sound. Even the falling leaf caught his watchful ear, and made his bosom palpitate with tremulous emotion.

It was no longer the delusion of a creative fancy that beguiled his hopes. A light and nimble step paced quickly over the pavement, and in an instant Leonora was in his arms.

“ My beloved Theodore!”—“ Divine, angelic Leonora!” was all they were capable of uttering, while with impassionate grasp, they sunk on each others breast, breathing out their souls in gentle murmurs.

“ What bliss is mine!” exclaimed Theodore, so soon as he had recovered the faculty of speech, again to clasp thee in these encircling arms! again to press thee to this doating bosom! ah! my Leonora, to what trials have we been exposed! what agonies have we endured! Yet the ecstatic moment approaches, when we shall be amply

rewarded for all our sufferings.—Yes, the storm is dispersing fast; and peace, security, unclouded joys, and blissful love, await us.

The soul of Leonora had been so long a stranger to every pleasurable sensation, that unable to indulge the flattering hope, she gazed around in wild amazement, like one, who starting from a frightful dream, is still unconscious of being safe.

“Is it possible,” said she, after a short pause, “that we can yet be happy. I dare not—cannot think it.—This world has no joy in store for me. My days are marked with sorrow, and are hastening rapidly to a conclusion.”

Theodore. Oh say not so, my beloved. For our trials are on the very point of terminating, and bliss unutterable shall crown our perseverance.

Leonora. Heaven grant that it may prove so.

Theodore. Preparations are already making for our flight; and in a few days we shall quit these hateful walls.

Leonora. Powers of mercy! can this delightful prospect be ever realised? and can it be possible that I am destined to pass my days with thee?

Theodore. Nothing, I trust, can now prevent it. Rothfels, the generous Rothfels, engages to assist us. He is the best the kindest, the most active of men, and will procure us every thing that can ensure success.

With these words he pressed her ardently to his heart, and as she sunk upon his neck, he exclaimed:

“ This delicious moment would repay whole years of anguish! Then deign, most gracious heaven, to make it the last of my life, if I be doomed to separate from her, who alone can give a charm to existence.”

“ With pleasure,” replied Leonora, “ I could resign my breath on that dear, faithful bosom.—Ah! Theodore, to what inhuman treatment have I been exposed, since last I saw you. An outcast from my family, and persecuted by beings, whose delight

it is to tyrannize over the wretched victims, whom misfortune subjects to their ungenerous sway.

“ Tormented also by the vain mockery of religious rites, when all my thoughts, hopes, and wishes centured exclusively in thee. Compared with this mental thralldom, light indeed are the bonds which the prisoner wears, whose mind, unfettered, is free to rove as fancy leads it.”

Theodore now proceeded to acquaint her with all the arrangements which had been taken to facilitate her escape, and proposed that they should retire into Switzerland, till a reconciliation could be brought about with her family. Having thus explained his future plans, he concluded by exhorting her to beware of Bridget, in whom he thought but little reliance could be placed.

The fatal moment at length arrived when they were compelled to separate, lest a protracted interview should create suspicion. For novice as he was, our hero

was aware that no eyes are so watchful as those of jealousy.

The parting was painful in the extreme, since in spite of all the flattering suggestions of love, reason still enforced her cold dejecting precepts; telling them in language too forcible for hope to cavil at, or passion to reject, that an impenetrable mystery involved their future prospects. This melancholy conviction was most deeply impressed on Leonora's mind. Scarcely had she advanced a few steps towards the spot, where Bridget waited, than she again returned, and throwing her arms round her lover's neck, exclaimed in the bitterness of despair:

“ Alas! I know not whence the gloomy presage arises, but my apprehensions are too strong even for love itself to conquer. A secret feeling, which no arguments can combat, whispers to my affrighted heart, that we are never fated to meet again on this side of the grave.”

“ Banish, for ever banish, these tor-

menting doubts," cried Theodore with a rapturous kiss; "they are the effects of dejected spirits, and proceed alone from the solitary life which you have lately led."

"Alas!" replied she, "I would not willingly cast even a transient cloud over the delightful vision, which you so fondly cherish; but my soul is oppressed by an unusual weight, against which it is in vain to struggle.—Think not, my Theodore, that I am less anxious than yourself, for the blissful moment, which would for ever make me your's; or that I want the courage necessary to encounter every danger that may await us. Yet I cannot suffer the illusions of passion to blind my reason, or to disguise the many obstacles which still impede our union. To me every surrounding object is sad and cheerless, and which ever way I look, I see nothing but anguish and despair."

With these words, she tore herself from his arms, and joined her companion with an almost broken heart.

CHAP. XII.

While there is life, there is hope.

“ I FEAR,” said Bridget the next morning to Theodore, that the intelligence you communicated to Leonora, was not of a nature to give her comfort. For she has done nothing but cry ever since.

“ I am sorry for it,” answered he, “ yet I was forced to tell her the truth ; but I shall hear again from Ingolstadt in a few days, and I hope the accounts may be better. In which case you are too good natured, I’m sure, to refuse me another meeting.”

Seeing Bridget hesitate, Thodore urged his suit with redoubled ardor, and concluded by assuring her, that in a few days every thing would be ready for their flight, since he waited only for the letter

in question, which he expected would bring him money for their journey.

The tender-hearted nun seemed perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and they parted to all appearance on the kindest terms. Several days elapsed without any material occurrence, as no messenger arrived from Rothfels's castle, with the expected signal for flight. During this painful interval, Theodore was by no means easy with respect to Leonora, whom Bridget represented as growing daily weaker, and in a declining state. Yet still he consoled himself with the thought, that this apparent dejection was merely the effect of anxiety, and that her health and spirits would revive, the moment she found herself in a place of security.

At length the wished-for letter came, with intelligence that a carriage would be in waiting that very night, at a little distance from the convent.

Theodore immediately went in search of Bridget, and with a cheerful countenance

informed her that the news, which he had so long expected, was arrived.

“ Give this,” said he, pulling out a paper, which was in reality no other than Rothfels’s letter, “ to my dear young lady, and I am sure it will dry her tears, For although I depend on your letting me see her to-night, I am loath to leave her in suspense, one minute longer than what is absolutely necessary.”

Bridget took the paper, and promised to comply with his request. But at that very moment the abbess crossed the walk, at a few paces distance from the spot where they stood. More terrified, than at the sight of the most hideous spectre, Theodore took to his heels, scarcely knowing what he did, while Bridget deliberately put the letter into her bosom, and then hastened to join the superior.

No words can describe the anxiety of Theodore, when he came coolly to reflect on the danger to which he was exposed; since the happiness or misery of his

future life now depended solely on a woman, who possessed no more firmness, nor discretion than Bridget. Retiring to the most solitary part of the garden he walked about in violent agitation, till he was again interrupted by her appearance.

“ Tell me,” cried he, seising her hand with eagerness, “ all that has past between you and the abbess? Did she see you take the letter? or has she questioned you about our meeting?”

“ No,” answered the nun sobbing; “ we have nothing to fear from her. But I wish, from my soul, I had never meddled in this affair. For no sooner did Leonora cast her eyes on the paper, than she fainted away, and I am afraid will hardly ever recover the shock. Indeed, my dear George, it is very strange, that what you mean to be a comfort to her, should always produce a quite contrary effect.

“ You shall know all,” said Theodore, impatiently, “ when we are secure from the power of the abbess. But we may now

be watched, and if we are caught together a second time, we may never be able to escape. Tell me, therefore, if I may depend upon seeing miss Leonora to-night, and to-morrow shall be our wedding-day."

"She shall meet you," replied Bridget, emphatically, "if she is alive."

"Then," resumed he, taking her hand, "to-morrow shall unite us for ever."

"Talk not of to-morrow," answered Bridget, coloring, "sufficient for the day, is the evil thereof;" and with these words she snatched away her hand, and left him in visible emotion.

There was an air of mystery, and even of chagrin in Bridget's manner, which did not escape the notice of Theodore, though he attributed it to the timidity of a mind, alarmed at the decisive step which she was about to take. For he felt perfectly satisfied, that she was incapable of dissembling her resentment, had she even suspected his attachment to Leonora.

The fears of a lover, however, are sel-

VOL. IV. o

dom to be conquered by the wisest arguments, as Theodore experienced to his cost. For though his reasoning was excellent in theory, and would probably have appeared so to a cold-hearted critic, it proved totally inefficacious the instant it was applied to his own situation. Being convinced, however, that in his present position, it was more expedient to act, than to philosophize, he began seriously to prepare for his flight. In order the more readily to secure a retreat, he brought out a ladder, which had been lately used in repairing the chapel, and was inadvertently left in the green-house. With some difficulty he placed it against the garden wall, when he found to his extreme satisfaction that it reached the lofty summit. This done, he returned to the spot where he met Leonora before, and walking about in violent perturbation, counted the tedious quarters as they chimed.

The clock struck nine, and most of the lights were already extinguished. Soon after he heard the sound of wheels, and

mounting the ladder, could plainly distinguish, by the light of the moon, a chaise and four, attended by two men on horse-back.

Every thing was now in readiness, and the glow of exultation warmed his heart, while he triumphed in the fond persuasion, that his trials were hastening to a conclusion, and that in another hour Leonora would be his, in spite of her father and the world.

“How weak” cried he, in the fulness of confidence, “are bars, and grates, and all the studied precautions of parental despotism, when opposed to love and nature! Why groan ye, then, ye children of sorrow, in mournful sequestration, the devoted victims of avarice, pride, and ambition? Resolve but once on freedom;—Nobly dare, like Leonora and myself, to assert that great prerogative, which providence has entailed on all its creatures, and your chains shall burst instantaneously!”

The night grew dark. Murky clouds

covered the moon's fair orbit, foreboding rain; while the whistling wind howled through the vaulted porticos.

"Were I addicted to superstition," continued he, as he anxiously watched the gathering storm, "I might trace a sinister omen in this sudden change. But what connection have the casual variations of the inconstant elements with the destiny of man? Vanity alone could prompt me to believe, that eternal wisdom is capable of varying its sagacious plan, for the sake of such an atom as I am."

This reflection was the offspring of reason. But our hero again experienced its inefficacy; for an involuntary sentiment of fear oppressed his heart, even at the very instant when strong conviction proved it erroneous. With folded arms, and steps irregular, he paced the flooded pavement, regardless of the pelting rain which fell in torrents, and frequently stopping to listen, if the massive door yet grated on its hinge.

"Surely," said he, when nothing could be heard except the boistrous storm, "every

minute, in point of duration, equals an age. Within the space of a single hour, my imagination has travelled through centuries of anguish—What then will the next produce?”

As he spoke, the clock struck ten. Starting at the awful sound, he paused in silent expectation. In a few seconds, he heard the gate, that led into the garden, open suddenly. Again he listened, and plainly distinguished the noise of footsteps. Unable any longer to restrain his impatience, he hurried towards the convent, and meeting a female, clasped her in his arms, exclaiming, “Blest moment, my Leonora now is mine for ever!”

“Not so, perfidious man;” replied a voice, which he instantly knew to be Bridget’s, “Thy Leonora is destined to another spouse, and is gone to join him.”

“What can this mean?” cried Theodore in a tone that spoke the bitterest anguish, “and where is Leonora?”

“In heaven, I hope;” answered Bridget

sternly, “ for she is no longer an inhabitant of this deceitful world.”

With these words she hurried away, while Theodore followed, beseeching her to explain the dreadful mystery, if she had a spark of compassion left. But all intreaty was ineffectual. At the door, she was joined by two other nuns, who were waiting for her ; and the moment they had passed the threshold, Theodore heard the ponderous bars echo through the cloisters.

“ Powers of mercy !” exclaimed he, in an agony of grief, “ for what do you reserve me ? Leonora gone ! ravished from me, at the very moment when I vainly flattered myself, that it was no longer in the power of fate to part us ! Lost ! irretrievably lost ! and I, wretched outcast, doomed to survive her ! O Leonora ! Leonora ! Leonora !”

While thus lamenting in the wild and incoherent language of despair, he was roused by the convent bell, solemnly tolling for a departed soul.

“ O sound of horror !” cried he, striking

his forehead, "too faithfully dost thou confirm the words of Bridget!—Poor, murdered victim of a father's cruelty! thou art now at peace, secure from the persecutions of the world, and the malice of a revengeful family!"

As he uttered this melancholy address to the sainted spirit of Leonora, he raised his eyes towards heaven, the assured asylum of innocence oppressed; and suddenly beheld, through the Gothic casements, innumerable torches blazing in the chapel. In an instant, its vaulted roofs resounded with the full chorus of the assembled sisters, mournfully chaunting a funeral anthem. "O sad abode of misery and death, for ever let me fly thy hateful walls!"

He turned away, unconscious whither he directed his steps, and actuated by a kind of mechanical impulse, mounted the ladder. Then calling out, "she is dead! she is dead!" sunk motionless in the arms of Rothfels, who was waiting impatiently under the garden wall.

CHAP. XIII.

Which is to the full as melancholy as the former.

THE carriage had proceeded several miles towards Steinfeld castle, before Theodore came to himself. He then opened his eyes, and gazing wildly around, clasped his hands in speechless agony, and remained motionless with despair. Rothfels also continued silent; for he was too well acquainted with the human heart, to attempt by words to solace affliction, poignant as that which rent the bosom of his friend.

Early in the morning they arrived at Steinfeld castle, when Theodore was immediately conveyed to bed, in a state of torpid insensibility. He suffered himself to be undressed without uttering a word, or even appearing to recollect the place where

he was, or the persons by whom he was attended.

Frederic and his sister, being made acquainted with his melancholy situation, agreed to watch alternately in his room, in order that they might avail themselves of the first lucid interval, to administer consolation to his wounded spirit. But during the whole of that day, he did not give the smallest indication of knowing either of them, though his eyes were frequently fixed on both. Sometimes he groaned deeply, as if labouring under the extreme of bodily pain. At others, he would repeat sentences from the sacred writings, or converse with Leonora, as if she had been actually present.

“Tell me,” cried he, “of what planet thou art now an inhabitant? Tell me if intelligence be still thy portion? or if our intellectual powers slumber in the grave!”
——“Hast thou already tasted the fountain of living water? Art thou secure from the persecutions of men? or, does a parent’s cruelty pursue thee still?”——

“ Does thy heart yet beat for thy Theodore? or, art thou dead to every sentiment of worldly pleasure? —————

“ I have discovered a spot, remote from the haunts of vice, whither I will repair, and dig my grave. Lofty pines screen it on every side from troublesome intrusion; nor can the eye of the profane pollute the sacred solitude. —————

“ On a tomb will I repose, and a fellow sufferer shall welcome me. He too courts death, but it rejects his prayer, with more than a father's barbarity.

“ When the vivid beams of the setting sun, gild the spreading tops of yon dusky grove, then shalt thou descend from thy ethereal dwelling, and whisper comfort to my troubled spirit!”

Such were the lamentations which he poured forth, inattentive to every thing near him. If any nourishment was brought, he pushed it away with an expression of disgust, and then relapsed again into his

former state of insensibility. In the course of the following night, he grew more composed; got a few hours sleep, from which he waked refreshed and collected. The first object that attracted his attention, was a suit of mourning, which lay on a chair by his bedside. "This, indeed," said he, taking it up, "is brotherly." And immediately he began to dress himself.

Theresa no sooner heard him stirring, than she entered the room, and leading him to a sofa, seated herself by his side, with an expression of the gentlest sensibility. Theodore remained silent; but his silence was no longer that of sullen despair; on the contrary, it was the collected pensiveness of reflection, and proceeded from the deficiency of language to express its feelings: not from an unwillingness to depose them in a kindred breast. With a mingled sentiment of gratitude and affection, he pressed her hand to his heart, then raising it to his lips, burst into a flood of tears. These were

the first he shed, and afforded him immediate relief.

Theresa availed herself of this favorable change, to offer such consolation as the tenderest sympathy could administer; and at length prevailed on him to give her an account of all that had past. This confidence was productive of the best effects; as he now conversed both with her and Frederic, without any marks of mental derangement, though his stupor returned occasionally, accompanied by the same symptoms as before. In this state he continued for several days, though his amendment was visibly progressive, and his lucid intervals were more frequent and durable.

When alone, he was constantly occupied in examining his papers; most of which he destroyed, after selecting from among them Leonora's letters. These he bound together with a purple ribbon, which she had formerly given him, and wrote upon the cover, "To be placed in my coffin, nearest to my heart."

The care and anxiety, with which his friends attended to all his wishes, seemed gradually to gain upon his feelings, so that he daily grew more rational and communicative. While sitting one morning with Steinfeld and his sister, and appearing more pensive than usual, he suddenly started from his reverie, and addressing himself abruptly to the former,

“ It is fixed;” said he, in a tone of decision, “ then why should the moment be delayed? Tell me then, my dearest friend, what answer you have received from the Provincial?”

“ Here,” replied Frederic, opening a bureau, “ are two letters; read them, and decide for yourself.”

Theodore took the first, which was directed to the baron, and contained a permission for him to enter on his noviciate, as soon as he pleased.

The second was from father Anthony, and addressed to himself. Having devoured the contents with eagerness, he pressed it

to his lips, exclaiming fervently: "Thou best of men, how can I deserve such unbounded kindness? To-morrow," resumed he, turning again to Steinfeld, "to-morrow I will bid adieu to all worldly concerns. To-morrow shall be the day of triumph!"

"You will not surely leave us so soon?" said Theresa, mournfully.

"Have I not suffered enough already?" replied he, "that you wish to expose me to fresh trials and temptations."

Convinced by the tone in which he spoke, that all further opposition would be fruitless, Theresa was forced to acquiesce, and the following day was accordingly fixed for Frederic to accompany him to Pfullendorf.

CHAP. XIV

Theodore embraces a monastic life.

THE melancholy idea of parting for ever from a beloved friend cast a gloom over the countenance of every inhabitant of Steinfeld castle, for so kind were the owners of that princely domain towards all who depended on their bounty, that their joys and sorrows were rapidly communicated to a hundred hearts. Theodore, on the contrary, appeared less dejected than usual, and conversed with freedom about his future prospects.

Finding, however, that nothing could alleviate his sister's affliction, he addressed her, after supper, in the following words :

“ It is among the misfortunes of my life, that I am destined to embitter the comforts of those, for whose happiness I would

sacrifice my existence. Without the many painful moments, which you have experienced on my account, you would have passed your days in uninterrupted felicity. This conviction," continued he, taking a hand of each, " adds greatly to my calamity.— But henceforth you must consider me as dead ; for dead indeed I shall be to the world. Strive therefore to forget me. Banish from your thoughts the recollection of a being, who looks forward to the termination of his mortal career with greater eagerness, than the generality of men do to the attainment of honors, wealth, or power. Your sources of bliss are unimpaired. United by the fondest ties, your love is founded on the unchangeable basis of confidence and truth. Long may you continue to enjoy it ; rich in the endearments of mutual affection, and the blessings of those who are subject to your authority. And when in the full maturity of years, you descend into the grave, heaven grant that you may descend there together !

and never, oh never, may you feel the pang, the bitter pang of separation!"

With these words, he hurried out of the room to hide his emotion, leaving Theresa and her husband, scarce less affected than himself.

The ensuing morning, at an early hour, Theodore was prepared for his departure. Theresa, at his earnest request, did not appear; but Frederic was ready to receive him. Just before they quitted the house, Theodore desired to see his little nephew, and taking the child in his arms, kissed it repeatedly.

"Sweet emblem of innocence!" said he, "God alone is acquainted with thy future destiny. May he preserve thee virtuous, and whatsoever may be thy lot, it will not prove totally destitute!"

The carriage no sooner stopped at the convent gate, than the venerable father Anthony appeared, who embraced our hero with the tenderness of a parent, and expressed the warmest satisfaction at seeing

him become the member of a society, over which he had been lately chosen to preside.

The parting between the two friends was extremely affecting; yet on the side of Theodore it was supported with dignified fortitude, while Frederic gave way to all the bitterness of grief.

Theodore being now established in the monastery, devoted himself entirely to his professional duties. Fearful that this excess of zeal, might prove detrimental to the health of his young friend, father Anthony did every thing in his power to mitigate this fervor, and reduce it within the bounds of moderation. But all his exhortations were ineffectual, as Theodore assured him that in embracing a monastic life, he had firmly resolved to conform implicitly to its most rigorous ordinances; adding with a deep sigh, “after what I have already undergone, every other trial must be light indeed.”

“A disposition like your’s, my son,” resumed the pious monk, “was never

formed for worldly bliss. Your heart is too susceptible; too feelingly alive to the pains and pleasures of this uncertain life, to allow you long to remain at peace."

"That is true," replied Theodore wiping away a tear, "and yet I would not barter this exquisite sensibility, pregnant as it is with grief and anguish, for all the boasted apathy of the Stoic school. The heart that feels not keenly the pang of sorrow, is a stranger to those refined sensations, which bestow on the transient moment, transports more perfect, than the dull intellect of speculating minds can ever taste, in all their aggregate space of senseless vegetation."

This conversation led Theodore to impart his melancholy story to father Anthony, who was but imperfectly acquainted with it before, and inexpressible was the consolation he derived from this disclosure, since he had now a friend, with whom he could discourse of Leonora's virtues, and whose prudential counsels enabled him to

endure his afflictions with the submissive piety of a christian.

Theodore now looked forward with impatience to the termination of his noviciate ; hoping, amid the active duties of his station, to find many inducements to value life. He knew, also, that when his year of probation was completed, he should no longer be tormented with the disagreeable company of two young men, who were also candidates for the habit of St. Francis ; and of whom we shall give the reader a short account.

Porphyry was a lively, ignorant, and high-spirited youth, possessing many qualities which would have done honor to a soldier, though they were utterly inconsistent with the profession of a monk. Unfortunately, however, he was the seventh son of a baron, who, like many of his fraternity, was endowed by providence, with a far greater portion of pride, than of wealth ; and who finding it impossible to maintain his children, as a gentleman ought, thought no

means so easy to get rid at once of all further trouble and expence, as to bury them alive in a cloister.

The other who was called Timothy, formed a perfect contrast with his companion. For he was born to an easy fortune, and placed in a situation of life, where, indulging his natural propensity towards indolence, he might have jogged through the world, without ever being reduced to the painful necessity of thinking. Luckily too for this breathing automaton, it was spared the trouble of deciding on a profession, since that was prepared before it was born. For its mother, who was a woman of exemplary piety, and an ardent votary of St. Francis, being seized, during her pregnancy, with a dangerous illness, made a vow, in case she recovered, to consecrate her offspring to that Saint. Now she was a lady of such scrupulous faith, that no consideration could induce her to violate her promise; particularly as

she was assured by her confessor, that nothing, except a miracle, could have saved her. So that she would rather have sacrificed all her children, and even her husband into the bargain, than have defrauded the church of its due.

Neither of these was a companion suited to the taste of Theodore, though he was frequently constrained by established usage, to be more in their society, than he could have wished. The rest of his time was spent either in the study of theology, or in serious conversation with father Anthony. For he strove by every means to divert his ideas from all worldly objects, and even from the fond remembrance of his Leonora.

The trials to which he was exposed, in the course of this meritorious struggle, may be collected from many papers, which were found after his death; from which we shall select the following specimens:

“ When, ah! when, will thou regain thy tranquility, thou rebel heart? Or must the peaceful serenity of conscious virtue never more revisit this bosom?”

“ Weak are my eyes with weeping! For the bitter retrospect of past felicity preys on my disordered senses like a gnawing worm, too strong for piety to combat.— It is in vain that I offer my petitions to heaven. I prostrate myself before the altar; my eyes contemplate the sacred symbol of my redeemer’s death; my hands are folded; my knees are bent; while my lips mechanically utter the supplicatory words; yet still my thoughts stray uncontrouled to scenes of unhallowed love! The form of Leonora, adorned with every charm that partial nature gave her, presents itself before me. On her seducing image my fancy hangs entranced, cold and insensible to every other thought.”

“ Is this a state of mind befitting a being dedicated irrevocably to the service of the most High? Are these the sentiments which suit this consecrated dwelling of penance and devotion? Yon fleshless, mouldering skull, sad emblem of mortality, ought surely to inspire ideas more

solemn. Those ashes, too, unerring types of speedy dissolution, demonstrate in what the proudest triumphs which conquest can achieve, the noblest visions ambition fabricates, and all the envied transports of successful love, must shortly terminate!

“ Then what is life, even the longest life to which mortality attains, when weighed against eternity ! Darest thou to murmur, ungrateful reptile ? to arraign thy maker’s will inscrutable ? or to complain of griefs, which pass more rapidly than the flitting storm ? Perchance, thy trials may contribute to the developement of that sagacious plan, which orders all things for the general good, teaching mankind the awful lesson of pious resignation.——And yet I venture to repine !——O Leonora ! Leonora !”

Father Anthony, who watched him with paternal attention, beheld with deep regret his health decline. Satisfied that his passion, if permitted to prey on his mind,

would infallibly conduct him to an untimely grave; and equally persuaded that no change could be effected, without previously convincing him that these constant struggles between inclination and duty were totally inconsistent with his present vocation, he availed himself of a favorable moment to enforce these considerations by every argument, that reason, or affection could suggest.

Theodore, in reply, assured his venerable friend, that he had already exerted all the energies of his soul, but found from experience that nothing could avail.

“ At your age, my son, rejoined the pious monk; our passions are rarely under the controul of our understanding. Every sensation is acute, and we therefore persuade ourselves, that the impression of the moment will be durable as our lives.”

Theodore was about to object; for he felt that his aged friend was describing a case, by no means similar to his own;

but the friar guessing his intention, thus resumed.

“ A moment’s patience, and you shall defend yourself if you can; for I read in your countenance, that you are far from being a convert to my opinion. You doubt your powers of resistance, because you never exerted them properly. Yet surely it is in the prime of life, when our faculties are unimpaired, that we are capable of the greatest efforts. And this, my son, I regard as an additional proof of the bounty of providence, which proportions our strength to our necessities.

“ To what purpose would philosophy, or religion serve? if the moment a man be crossed in some favorite pursuit, he resigns himself, like a coward, to the dictates of despair. Could such have been the intention of the creator, when he endowed us with reason and judgment, and all the noble attributes of an intelligent mind? Or do we act consistently with the dignity of our nature; when we throw

away these precious gifts, and rush on destruction with voluntary blindness?

“Consider, my dear Theodore, that a feeling heart is usually the concomitant of high mental endowments; and consequently belongs to those, who are calculated to adorn and enlighten the world. Such exactly is your own case; and you will be hereafter called upon to account for the manner in which your talents have been employed. Can you then hope that eternal justice will accept as a satisfactory plea for neglected genius and wasted life, *that you were deprived of the object of your affections, and wanted resolution to support the loss.*

“Is this the language of a rational being? who is sent into the world neither for the gratifications of passion, nor the enjoyment of ease, but to perform his allotted part in a determinate station, to which his capacity is suited, and his endowments measured according to the nicest scale of calculation; that they may conduce to the success of one comprehensive scheme,

too wisely designed for our limited capacity to conceive.

“ Reflect, my son, that you have important duties to perform, for the execution of which the retirement of a convent may be better suited, than the boistrous avocations of a busy life ; even had you succeeded in all your wishes, and wealth, and honors, and Leonora been yours—These, I foresee, must be unwelcome truths ; but they are the dictates of a heart, which admires your talents, esteems your virtues, and is anxious to save you from impending ruin. Your’s, at present, is a state of infatuation ; for you are persuaded that the world has no longer any comforts to bestow. But in this you are deceived. Such is the lot of the wicked only. Nor is there a pang that heaven inflicts, which time cannot alleviate, save that of a guilty conscience.”

By these and similar arguments he gained imperceptibly on the youth’s affliction, and had the consolation to see him gradually

recover both in body and mind. Continually occupied in his professional duties, Theodore's affections were insensibly weaned from all terrestrial concerns; and his heart even regained some degree of serenity. Not that his regard for Leonora was in the least diminished. On the contrary, she was ever present to his thoughts, though he viewed her with different sensations. It was no longer the tumultuous disorder of wild desire, nor the keen disappointment of frustrated enjoyment, but the cherished melancholy of a wounded bosom; which, while it mourns the chosen partner of its tenderest attachments, submits with unmurmuring piety to the divine decree.

Instead of obtruding itself, as formerly, at the solemn moments of devotion, her image appeared, like a protecting angel, encouraging him in the career of virtue, by presenting to his imagination the delightful hope, that when the allotted period of his trials was completed, he would

be united to her in those blissful regions, where neither pride, nor envy, nor persecution, nor death interrupt the full maturity of every rational joy.

CHAP. XV.

A picture of domestic happiness.

THE year of his probation being ended, Theodore prepared to take the irrevocable vow, which must for ever separate him from the world. Yet before he finally embraced a monastic life, Theresa resolved to make one effort more to induce him to abandon his intention, and to return again to the society of those, to whom nature and friendship endeared him. Perceiving, however, that neither tears, nor intreaties could shake his resolution, she was constrained to give up the point.

The occupations of a mendicant friar are too regular and uniform to afford interesting materials for description. To visit the poor, to instruct the ignorant, to re-call the vicious from their licencious courses,

but above all to give an example to the world of piety, resignation, and morality ; such was now the constant business of Theodore's life. But there was no duty belonging to his profession, which he executed with greater delight, than that of preaching ; and whenever he mounted the pulpit, the church was sure to be crowded. Let not the reader, however, imagine, that he was what is usually called a *popular* preacher, since that was by no means the case. Nor could any thing be more contrary to his principles, than to gratify vanity at the expense of duty.

It was not, therefore, on account of the elegance of his style, the harmony of his periods, or the beautiful allegories which he introduced, that he was universally followed ; but because his hearers never quitted the church, without growing wiser or better for his instructions. Theatrical gesticulation he disdained, as ill suited to the simplicity of the gospel. His language too, was plain and unaffected, for it was

his primary object to be understood. Whenever he preached before a crowded audience, as soon as the service was over, he entered into conversation with some child, who had heard him, examining it with respect to those religious precepts which he had that day attempted to inculcate, and if he found that his doctrines had been sufficiently clear for its limited faculties to comprehend, he regarded this as a more flattering compliment, than if he had been publicly applauded by all the theologians in Europe.

Once every year he obtained permission to spend a week at Steinfeld castle; where he had the consolation to behold his dearest friends, in the full enjoyment of every comfort, which this transient life can embrace. Theresa had presented her husband with two lovely children, the elder of whom was a daughter, and called by her mother's name. The youngest was a son, and was christened William after his great uncle; who doated on his little ne-

phew, and was frequently heard to say, "that since Frederic's marriage, he was more than ever convinced that the most valuable titles a wife can possess, are virtue, cheerfulness, and a good understanding."

If it be true,—and insensible must be the heart which denies it, that benevolence and love are the purest sources of human felicity, no beings were ever more blest than Frederic and his Theresa. Happy in themselves, and diffusing happiness to all around, the days and months glided smoothly on, like a placid stream, without leaving one irksome reflection behind. Continually occupied in embellishing their house, or improving their extensive domain; they were scarcely ever absent from home. For they had the good sense to derive more real gratification from beholding their tenants in a prosperous condition, and being enabled to boast with honorable pride, that there lived not a single peasant on their estate, who did not enjoy a comfortable meal, than from being

distinguished by the splendor of their equipage, or the elegance of their dress, amid the croud of fawning sycophants who pay their venal homage at the shrine of power.

To a soul, like Theodore's, endowed by nature with the most exquisite sensibility, no spectacle could prove more grateful, than to contemplate the happiness of those he loved. Yet he appeared more pensive and dejected at Steinfeld castle, than when engaged in the pious duties of Pfullendorf. For when he beheld his sister and her husband caressing their children, an involuntary sigh escaped his bosom, as he fondly reflected, that unless envy and ambition had frustrated his wishes, he too might have had a child to caress. This melancholy idea awakened the recollection of all his sufferings, till unable any longer to restrain his feelings, he would hurry out of the room to conceal them.

CHAP. XVI.

In which the story draws towards a conclusion.

THEODORE had already passed five years in retirement, when a messenger arrived from a neighbouring convent, with a letter for father Anthony, requesting that he would immediately dispatch one of his friars, to receive the confession of a nun, who lay at the point of death.

The case appeared so urgent, that not a moment was to be lost; and father Anthony accordingly proposed to Theodore to accompany the messenger on his return. Ever ready to perform a work of charity, our hero instantly departed, and reached the place of his destination, a little before sun-set.

He was immediately introduced to the abbess, and by her conducted to a

gloomy cell, where by the glimmering of a lamp, he beheld a nun, pale, languid, and emaciated, stretched on the bed of death; yet, notwithstanding the ravages of sickness, she still appeared in the bloom of youth. Two other females were praying by her, but upon the entrance of the confessor, they rose, bowed and withdrew.

“ Father!” said the expiring nun, in a feeble tone, “ you see before you the most wretched of her sex.—Torn, in the prime of life from all my soul held dear, I look forward with transport to my approaching dissolution, for then only can my torments cease.”

Theodore started, when he first heard her speak, for there was a plaintive sweetness in her voice, which recalled the memory of his Leonora. Yet instantly recollecting himself, he attributed this sudden emotion to the effect of imagination, and listened attentively as she proceeded.

“ Father,” continued she, with a heart-rending sigh, “ had I possessed a single

friend in this seat of penance and contrition, in whose faithful bosom I could have deposed my sorrows, I should not now have needed your assistance. But all who approach me, are insensible to the soft emotions of pity, and triumph in the pangs of hopeless love.—Pardon me, holy father, if I pollute your ears with thoughts unhallowed. But unless the rigid duties of your profession have shut your breast against every finer feeling, you still may judge how keen is the anguish of a hopeless passion!”

Theodore wiped away a tear; yet being unable to speak, the nun resumed:

“ Soon, very soon, I shall cease to suffer. My heart is broken. When I am no more, I conjure you, by every sacred tie, that links mankind in bonds of charity, to deliver these papers as directed.”

She took a packet from under her pillow, and holding it in her hand, was about to speak, when she was interrupted by the following question:

“ Permit me to inquire,” said he, in a quick and tremulous tone, “ how long you have worn that habit?”

Nun. It is now five years that I have been buried here.

Theodore. Buried do you say?

Nun. By what other name can I call it?

Theodore. Were you then compelled reluctantly to take the veil?

Nun. (*With all the vehemence her weak frame would admit of.*) Forced—sacrificed—severed from the youth my heart adored—by pride and envy severed.— Pardon me, thou gracious judge of human frailty; (*and as she spoke she clasped her hands in agony;*) pardon, I conjure thee, thy consecrated bride! whose guilty heart abhors the fatal vow, and doats——

“ It must! it must be she!” exclaimed the monk, seizing her hand, “ it must be Leonora!”

“ Powers of mercy!” cried the astonished nun, attempting to raise her languid head, “ do I then live to see thee? live to behold

my Theodore? To clasp thee once more to this doating bosom;—to breathe my last in those dear arms:—this indeed is an unexpected blessing—the greatest that Providence could have now bestowed.”

“ Must we then part, beloved of my soul?” he replied, pressing her arid lips with his. “ Must I lose thee for ever, at the very moment when thou art so miraculously restored to me from the grave?”

“ Alas!” said she, in a voice that grew gradually fainter, “ life ebbs apace;—but since I die on thy bosom, I die content.—Long, very long, have I prayed to be delivered from all my sorrows—and welcomed death as the harbinger of peace.—Would I could now retard!———

Exhausted by the effort she had made, and overcome by the tumult of contending passions, she sunk motionless on her pillow. For some minutes, Theodore listened in expectation of her continuing. She did not move. With trembling hand he seized the lamp, and approaching it to her face,

started back with horror, to see what havoc affliction had made on that bewitching countenance.

“ Look there;” he cried, in an agony of grief, “ look on those altered features ! ye, whose cruelty reduced this once blooming flower to wither in its prime. Nature destined you to cherish and defend her ; but your cold, unfeeling hearts, envied her rare perfections, too dull to prize what heaven formed most perfect.—Could you now behold those dim, sunk eyes, that pale and hollow cheek, and those parched lips, then might ye triumph in your barbarity; for they are all that now remain of the accomplished and lovely Leonora.”

A convulsive sigh, that burst from her heaving bosom, shewed, that the vital spark was not yet extinguished. Theodore felt her pulse, and finding that it still beat, though quick, irregular, and scarcely perceptible to the touch.

“ She lives !” he exclaimed, with an involuntary emotion of tenderness, which

seemed to banish the idea of her approaching dissolution. “She lives!”

He paused; and, hanging over the bed in awful suspense, stood like a statue motionless. In a few seconds, she opened her eyes, gazed wildly around, and seeing Theodore, addressed him thus:

“Blest spirit of my beloved, are we then at length united? Short was the struggle, for I was exhausted with grief, and life hung only by a thread.”

Theodore was unable to reply, but gently pressed her hand to his palpitating heart. This instantly recalling her to herself, she thus resumed:

“I thought the conflict over!—for sweet were my slumbers as the sleep of death.—My soul already tasted the joys of paradise.—It cannot last.—Yes, I go, my Theodore, to prepare a place for thee—where neither pride—nor avarice—nor parental despotism—shall part us more.—Alas!—I had many things—to tell,—but my strength fails;—this paper will inform

you—of all—I have suffered:—treatment most cruel.—Yet neither threats—nor insults—nor the severest—penance,—could shake—my affection.—My heart was thine,—unalterably—thine.—Farewell!—To see—thee;—to die—in—thy—arms;——is—bliss.——

As she uttered these words, her head sunk gently on the pillow, and she ceased to suffer.

“Alas!” cried Theodore, “that heart is motionless, which beat alone for me! Thou dear, devoted victim, thy trials now are ended!”—

He was proceeding, when to his astonishment, he saw a bloody handkerchief lying on her bosom, and knew it instantly to be the same, with which she bound up the wound, that he received in defending her brother. This striking proof of affection was too much for his enfeebled spirits to support, and he fainted instantly on her breathless corse.

In this situation he was found by the

abbess; who surprised at his long absence, stole softly to the door of the cell, and not hearing the sound of voices, at length ventured to enter.

“ Sister Magdalen! sister Magdalen!” cried she, opening the door, and stepping cautiously; for the lamp burned dimly, and every object appeared obscurely through a cloudy vapor.

No answer was returned.

“ Sister Magdalen, I say,” continued she, approaching gently towards the bed. Still nothing moved.

“ Will no one speak?” she resumed in a tone of authority.

Again she listened, but all was quiet.

“ That proud spirit, I see, will accompany you to the grave.”

The silence seemed mysterious. She took up the lamp; but no sooner did it's reflected light disclose the scene of horror, than she let it fall with a violent scream. Her shrieks brought several of the nuns to her succour, who were equally

terrified at the sight. Leonora was already cold; but the body of the friar, though apparently dead, was discovered, on minute inspection, still to retain a spark of vital heat. He was therefore conveyed into a vacant cell, and a messenger dispatched to Pfullendorf, with the melancholy intelligence.

Although every possible assistance was administered, it was long before Theodore gave any signs of life; nor had he recovered the use of his senses, when father Anthony arrived. His first business was to inform himself particularly of the state of his young friend. On being told that the delirium was not entirely removed, but that he raved and prayed alternately, frequently repeating the name of Leonora, he began already to penetrate the truth. He desired therefore to be immediately conducted to the chamber, and to be left alone with the sick monk.

“Merciful providence!” exclaimed he, as he shut the door, “what has befallen you, my son?”

“Nothing;” answered Theodore, staring wildly, “nothing; nothing.”

He paused an instant, and then added, “The storm is over, and we are now at rest—even Leonora rests—in spite of her persecutors, rests.”

Father Anthony being now fully satisfied that his suspicions were just, seated himself by the side of the bed, and convinced that the only hope of soothing the wounded heart of his young friend, would be to direct the conversation towards the object of his affection, did not hesitate what course to pursue. And in this he was not mistaken, for scarce had he uttered the name of Leonora, when Theodore started from a profound reverie, and looking stedfastly at the venerable man, seemed at once to recollect him. With a convulsive eagerness he seized his hand, and fixing his eyes on those of father Anthony, after some hesitation, said, in a tremulous voice, “does the angel live?”

“Her sufferings are terminated,” replied the monk, in a solemn tone.

“ Thanks be to God ! cried Theodore, clasping his hands with fervor, and so will mine be soon.”

This calm of recovered reason was but of short duration ; for the delirium soon returned ; during which he upbraided Steinfeld and his sister with neglect, for having abandoned him at a crisis, when their society might have afforded him the greatest comfort.

Concluding from this, that they would contribute essentially to tranquilize his mind, and satisfied that they would be justly offended, if they were left in ignorance of his situation, father Anthony sent a messenger to Steinfeld castle, with a letter to the baron ; who no sooner received the fatal tidings, than he sat off for the nunnery, accompanied by Theresa.

CHAP. XVII.

The Story concludes.

ON their arrival at Burgdorf, the noble guests were immediately conducted to their brother's chamber, whom they found, to their inexpressible joy, much better than they expected; as he was not only able to quit his bed, but was rational and collected in his discourse.

He was seated in an elbow chair, leaning on a table, his head reclining on his hand. Before him lay a bloody handkerchief, on which his eyes were stedfastly fixed. He started at the noise of the door, and making signs for them to approach; took a hand of each, "Congratulate your Theodore," he said, with a forced smile, "for his sorrows are hastening to an end."

Theresa wept.

“Those tears,” continued he, “ought now to be tears of joy, since heaven at last has heard my prayer. Grieve not, I intreat you. Our separation cannot be of long continuance, for what are a few fleeting years, compared with eternity!”

In this pious strain he proceeded, till he had brought his friends into a disposition of mind in some degree analogous to his own. He then requested Frederic to read aloud the paper, which Leonora had given him, and of which he had not yet ventured to break the seal.

Many tears were shed at the perusal of this melancholy letter, which was written in the agony of a broken heart, and apparently at intervals stolen from sleep. Towards Theodore it breathed the tenderest sentiments that a passion so exalted could inspire. But when her own family was mentioned, the style immediately changed. For although it was evident from various

obliterations, that she had done her utmost to conquer her resentment, yet the feelings of nature frequently broke forth in bitter complaints, too strong for reason or piety to controul. Her anger was particularly directed against her elder brother and his odious wife, to whose pernicious counsels, she justly attributed the persevering cruelty of her father. Of him she spoke with cold respect; but when she addressed her mother, it was always in terms of warm affection.

She next proceeded to give a circumstantial detail of every thing that had passed since her final separation from Theodore. From this it appeared, that the discovery of his real character was made by Bridget, though Leonora was ignorant of the means. With many other particulars she was equally unacquainted; yet from some expressions, which were dropped by Bridget at different times, she was led to suspect, that the treacherous nun had been induced by jealousy to betray her.

Her subsequent trial she describes in the following words :

“ After Bridget had left me, I read your letter again, and again, giving way to the most extravagant joy. For in order to render my disappointment more keen, she promised, so soon as the abbess was retired to rest, to return, and conduct me to the place of rendezvous. I no longer regarded my flight as dubious, but looked forward with a tumultuous feeling of transport and expectation, to that ecstatic moment, when I should be for ever united to my Theodore.

“ But alas! the delightful vision was transient as the delusive dream. For as I was indulging my imagination in all the flattering chimeras of anticipated bliss, I received a summons to attend the abbess. The message was brought by Bridget, who appeared greatly agitated as she delivered it. Her emotion alarmed me so much, that I could not help

inquiring what had happened to discompose her?"

"*Nothing, my sweet little angel,*" she answered with a sneer, "*but what must always happen, when folks return good for evil, and attempt to deceive their truest friends.*"

"This reply, but still more the look that accompanied it, awakened my fears, and I was ready to sink through terror. Recollecting, however, that the smallest indiscretion might betray me, To what do you allude? said I, with all the tranquillity that I could muster, for I am utterly at a loss to comprehend you."

"*You will comprehend me soon enough,*" said she, opening the door of the abbess's apartment, and pushing me into the room with all her force.

"The door instantly closed; and Bridget disappeared. My heart beat violently, and I stood like a statue, with my eyes fixed on the ground. But a moment's reflection suggested the necessity of acting

with resolution, whatever destiny might await me. I accordingly moved forward a step or two, and was preparing to speak, when I beheld the abbess seated at a table, and attended by four of the senior nuns, by whom I had ever been treated with marked severity. She beckoned to me to approach. Trembling I obeyed, and stood like a culprit before my judges. For it was in vain that I struggled against my fears. The whole happiness of my life was at stake. My spirits were depressed with affliction, and I no longer was capable of the same exertions, which supported me in the tremendous conflict with my father.

“During some minutes they preserved an awful silence, but at length the superior addressed me in a studied discourse, acquainting me that my secret machinations were fortunately discovered, before I had brought indelible disgrace on myself, and the order. Having expatiated at large on the enormity of my offence, she concluded in the following words, which made too

deep an impression on my mind, to be ever obliterated while I have breath." "The crime you meditated, and which you would infallibly have committed, had not providence miraculously interposed, can be atoned for by death alone."

"She stopped, as if she expected me to sue for pardon; but I was so overcome with amazement and terror, that I felt unable to speak, or move. Finding that I made no reply she continued,"

"By the laws of every religious community, you are liable to be interred alive in one of those subterranean vaults, with which every convent is furnished, and to be left there to perish by hunger."

"Nature shuddered at the horrid sentence, and by an involuntary impulse, I was about to fall at the feet of the abbess, when a sentiment of returning dignity whispered to my heart, that by debasing myself, I should gratify the malice, without exciting the compassion of my persecutors. This reflection inspired me with fresh cou-

rage, and I answered with firmness, " I am no stranger, madam, to the barbarity of your institutions. But cruel as they are, they affect not me. For I have never taken the odious vow, nor ever will; unless compelled by brutal violence."

" Peace! sinner!" cried one of my tyrants, and let our holy mother proceed.

" It is fruitless," continued the abbess, " to contend against the power of the church. You are destined by your parents to take the veil, as a punishment due to your disobedience. The year of your probation is far advanced, and the crime you are guilty of, is therefore sacrilege."

Again she paused; but finding my remonstrances had been thrown away, I would not indulge her with a complaint.

" It now remains," added she, to make your peace with God, and as the surest means of effecting it, I hope, that you repent sincerely of all your sins, and in particular of this flagrant breach of our holy statutes."

“Of the failure of my plan alone I repent,” I replied with calmness.

The women stared at each other, and crossed themselves repeatedly.

“You think, perhaps, to terrify me by the apprehensions of death. Had I been happy, I should have feared it. But to a wretch, like me, it must be ever welcome, though it comes accompanied with all its terrors. Expect not therefore to see me kneel, to degrade my character by imploring pity from those, who never knew what pity was, or to gratify your inhumanity, with my tears.—You ask, if I regret the past. I do regret it: regret that my hopes are frustrated. A few hours more, and I should have derided your impotent anger; happy in the arms of him I adore. But since that felicity is denied me, I look forward to tranquillity in the arms of death.”

“Jesu Maria!” exclaimed one of the nuns.

“What a hardened wretch!” rejoined the second.

“Nothing can reclaim her.” said the third.

“ She is quite incorrigible.” added the fourth.

“ You have heard,” resumed the abbess, “ the decision of the church ; but fortunately for you, the same religion that commands us to punish such heinous offences, prompts us also to mercy ; and such is the tenderness of our nature, that these pious virgins are inclined to shew you a degree of lenity, to which you have not the smallest claim ; and which, I trust, you will impute to our clemency, and not to your own desert. Take this phial, and retiring to your cell, commend your soul to heaven, for you have much need of forgiveness. Having fulfilled that important duty, swallow the contents, which will soon deliver this hallowed sanctuary from the contamination it has contracted, by harbouring so impure a member ; but which, at the same time, will spare you the torments of a lingering death.”

“ She then gave me a small bottle, which I received in silence, and was about to withdraw. But before I had reached the

door, two of the nuns seized me by the arms, and led me prisoner to my cell, where they left me without uttering a syllable. As they locked the door, I shuddered at the noise; for I now regarded myself as irrecoverably separated from all communication with the living.

“ Yet a few minutes reflection gave a different turn to my ideas, and taught me to consider my approaching dissolution as an object of consolation, rather than of dread. Am I not, cried I, already dead to the world? The hour which separated me from my Theodore, consigned me in reality to the grave.

“ By these, and similar suggestions, I worked up my imagination to such a pitch, that I began to tremble, lest a sentiment of humanity should induce my judges to reverse their sentence; and swallowed with avidity the fatal draught. I then knelt down with fervent zeal, to petition the Almighty to pardon my transgressions, and to implore his blessing on my Theodore; and thus having

settled all worldly accounts, I laid down with a tranquil conscience, on, what I then believed to be, the bed of death.

“ I had not remained there long, before I felt oppressed with an unusual weight. A general torpor pervaded my whole frame. My extremities grew cold. My sight failed. My senses were confused. These symptoms rapidly increased, till I lost all powers of perception.

“ How long I remained in that situation, I cannot precisely determine. But it was certainly sufficient for me to be removed to the prison, where I am now confined. Upon recovering the use of my intellects, I found myself alone, in a strange place. Yet nearly the same objects presented themselves to my view, as those to which I was accustomed in my former habitation. I lay on the same hard and comfortless bed; and the only furniture of the chamber consisted in a chair, a table, a death's head, a crucifix, and a scourge. This led me to suppose, as soon as I was capable of combining

ideas, that I had been transported, during the trance, from one convent to another. Some time, however, elapsed, before I was completely satisfied of being still an inhabitant of this wretched world. Nor was it till after I had repeatedly made use of my eyes, touched my limbs, and heard the sound of my voice, that I believed myself in reality to be alive.

“ Too soon, however, I was convinced that my existence was no longer doubtful. For upon hearing me move, two hideous figures entered my cell, who had nothing feminine besides their dress. They were both advanced in years, and wore the habit of St. Francis.”

“ You see,” said one of them, whose callous countenance bespoke a heart insensible to all the tender feelings of her sex, “ that you have been treated with a degree of humanity, which no one ever experienced, who was equally guilty.”

“ Of *crucelty*, you should have said,” I calmly replied, “ for nothing but the refine-

ment of cruelty, could have envied me the repose of death."

"Do you then regret," rejoined her companion, with a devout expression of horror, "that you were not sent out of the world with all your sins on your head?"

"Most truly do I regret it," said I with firmness, "for I perceive, that, although I have changed the place of my confinement, the same relentless spirit persecutes me still."

"You see, sister," resumed the nun who spoke last, "that the accounts we received were not exaggerated. Poor creature, she may be truly said to be under the dominion of Satan, and I fear it will be no easy task to expel him."

"With these words they retired, exhorting me in a strain of pious insensibility to mortify the flesh by fasting and prayer."

Leonora now proceeded to describe her first interview with the superior; but as nothing material occurred, the reader must be satisfied with knowing, that she had fal-

len into the hands of a woman who was formed by nature for the odious office of a tormenter ; and who never enjoyed the sweets of authority, except when she exercised it for the misery of those who were unhappily subject to her sway. To those hateful qualities which are the distinctive attributes of tyranny, she united a bigoted attachment to the external practices of religion ; and, attributing to the divinity all the malignant passions of her own mind, she thought penances and flagellations a more acceptable offering to the God of mercy, than the sacrifice of a contrite heart.

After a minute detail of all she had endured, from the insolence and inhumanity of this detestable woman, and which was continued till within a few days of her death, Leonora concluded in the following terms :

“ Sincerely do I thank the author of my existence for all his blessings vouchsafed unto me, but for none am I more grateful, than for the consoling prospect of a speedy release. At length I can say with confi-

dence, that within a few days I shall cease to suffer. O consummation devoutly to be wished for! Blessed moment of ineffable delight! when these vital bonds shall burst, and the mansions of the elect shall be opened to my soul. Then shall I look down with pity and contempt on the impotent malice of those, who basely sacrificed my peace, my happiness, and all the bright scenes of early youth, to views of sordid interest.—Should this paper ever meet their eyes, let them rejoice in the success of their schemes, for then their triumph will be complete. She, whom they hated, will be no more. The form they envied, will be returning fast to its native dust!—————

“ Alas! is that a sentiment which becomes a dying Christian? Was it thus my Redeemer expired? No:—he taught forgiveness by his precious example. His law is charity; his favorite precept, love.—I can—I will obey. Yes, with my latest breath, I pardon those who blasted the fair

prospect of my opening life, and, actuated by base and selfish motives, condemned me to drink the bitter cup of ceaseless disappointment. May heaven too expunge their crime! teaching them to act towards others with greater candour!

“ Alas! my mother, thou art scarce less an object of compassion than thy poor, forsaken, persecuted daughter. Many are the pangs which have tortured thy tender bosom, on her account. For it was the seat of gentle sympathy. Religion, pity, universal charity, maternal sweetness, and all the softer train of generous affections, were the blessed inmates of that pure breast. Couldst thou have directed my lot in life, my days would have been numbered by blessings only, and all the sweets of Hybla scattered the path I trod. Dear, noble-minded woman, accept my warmest thanks, for thou hast been more than a parent to me. May the recollection of thy kindness solace grief.—Nay, weep no more, for I have ceased to suffer.”

For thee, my beloved Theodore, my

most fervent vows are offered! mayest thou be happy as thy virtues merit, and never, never————

“Never!” exclaimed Theodore in an agony of grief, “never, sweet saint, will I survive thee!”—and immediately he fell back into his chair without sense or motion. The agitation of his mind, while he listened to the melancholy narrative, and the exertions he made to controul his feelings, were more than his weak frame could bear, and exhausted nature sunk under the effort.

For some hours he continued in so precarious a state, that his friends grew apprehensive lest every moment should prove his last. At length, however, he recovered the use of speech, yet his strength declined so rapidly, that it was evident no exertions of art could long retard the fatal hour.

To his approaching end he looked forward with the serenity of conscious virtue, and when able to converse, attempted to console his sister by every argument, that reason or religion could suggest; painting in the liveliest colors

all the comforts which awaited her as a wife and mother, and representing his own release, as the greatest blessing providence could bestow.

During this conversation a noise was heard under the window, like that of mattocks and spades. At length it attracted Theodore's notice, and he desired to be informed of the cause. Theresa went to examine from whence it proceeded, and started at the sight of two men digging a grave. Yet instantly recollecting herself, and dreading the effect it might produce on her brother's mind, she contented herself with saying it was nothing more than the labourers at work in the garden.

Every thing again was quiet, and night coming on, Theodore said he would endeavour to compose himself, and desired that his sister would remain with him, till he was asleep. This was precisely what Theresa wished, as she hoped he might repose so soundly after the fatigues of the day, as to be ignorant of the ceremony which was about to take place. Too soon,

however, she was undeceived; for scarcely had he closed his eyes, when the blaze of torches flashed through the gothic casement, while the cloisters resounded with a funeral dirge. Theodore started at the mournful sounds, and raising himself on his elbow listened attentively.

“Those,” said he after a short pause, “are the solemn notes of death. She is going to her eternal mansion, to await me there.”

For some minutes he appeared lost in deep meditation, then clasping his hands ejaculated, “Thy will be done!”

Apprehensive of disturbing the current of his thoughts, Theresa observed a mournful silence, watching every fibre in her brother's countenance with the tender anxiety of affection.

“Sister,” said he after a long pause, and gently taking her hand, “I have a favor to intreat, by granting which, you will contribute greatly to smoothe the path that leads to the grave.”

“My dearest brother,” she replied, in

a voice broken with grief, "can you doubt my inclination to oblige you? Can you doubt that, so far as our powers extend, you may command both Frederic and me."

"My petition," continued he, endeavouring to assume an air of tranquillity, "will require no arduous exertions. For all my hopes and wishes are now confined within a narrow circle."

He pointed to the window as he spoke, wiped away a tear, and then proceeded: "The condition of a nun admits not of costly ornaments, nor was pride the characteristic of her I loved. Yet I could wish that some distinctive mark, modest, and unassuming as the heart of her who rests beneath it, should designate the spot where Leonora reposes. A simple cross, with the name of Leonora engraved on it, might be erected in the course of a single day, and would be emblematical of her virtues, her sufferings, and her resignation."

"It shall be done to morrow," said Theresa weeping.

"Thanks, my beloved sister, a thousand

thanks for this and every other instance of your kindness. But I have still to solicit your assistance, and it will probably be the last time I shall ever do so."

Theresa nodded an assent, for she was unable to speak and Theodore continued.

"You formerly promised, at a period of my life, when fortune smiled upon me, to weave the bridal crown for my Leonora. Prepare it now."

Theresa started.

"Refuse not, I conjure you, to indulge my wishes, for if her sainted spirit still can witness what passes here below, she will prize beyond the richest diadem a simple wreath, when it comes from the hands of one whose soul is pure and spotless as her own."

Theresa promised to comply, and on the following morning entered his room with a chaplet in her hand.

"'Tis well," said he, after examining it carefully, and watering it with his tears, "the funereal cypress is not forgotten."

He then desired that a chair might be placed near the window, to which he was

carried, and being supported with pillows, his eyes were rivetted on Leonora's grave. Theresa sat by his side, and when he saw the workmen arrive with the cross, and place it on the sacred spot, he pressed her hand, while his looks bespoke the gratitude of an overflowing heart.

During the whole of this day, he appeared so much better, that the physician began to flatter his friends with the possibility of his being still preserved by care and attention, though he honestly confessed, that the powers of medicine would be of little service. He recommended therefore that the patient's mind should be soothed by every innocent indulgence, and the greatest precaution taken not to disturb his repose.

Towards night he fell into a sound sleep, when Theresa retired into an adjoining chamber, from whence she could distinctly hear if he either called or moved. But so completely was she exhausted with fatigue, anxiety, and the want of rest, that she soon forgot herself; slept profoundly for several hours, and waked with an

unusual depression of spirits. The lamp burned dimly, so that it was some time before she was aware how long her brother had been alone. Apprehensive that he might be in want of something, she stole gently to his door, and to her inexpressible terror found it open. With trembling steps she approached the bed, but that was empty. A sudden shriek awoke the nuns, who occupied the adjacent corridor. Attracted by her repeated cries, they ran to her assistance. "He is gone! he is lost!" she exclaimed, "my brother has disappeared!"

Universal consternation pervaded the convent. The nuns, half naked, ran up and down the gallery, counting their beads, and crossing themselves. At last the abbess came, and gave directions that a general search should be made. The pious sisters obeyed. The chapel, the cloisters, the refectory, were visited, but without success. Theresa's fears increased, as the pious sisters successively reported the result of their fruitless labors. At length one of

them going accidentally to a window, that looked on the burying ground, by the light of the moon beheld a human figure extended on the ground.

“ He is there !” she exclaimed with horror, pointing towards the spot where Theodore lay. For it was in reality the brother of Theresa, on whose distempered fancy the melancholy events of the preceding day had operated so powerfully, that Leonora appeared to him in a dream, inviting him to join her in the blissful regions above. This impression was so strong, that she was equally present to his waking eyes, while her voice still sounded in his ear. Till unable any longer to resist the summons, he escaped from his chamber unnoticed, and penetrated through the solitary cloisters to the place of burial, where he was discovered, with the wreath of flowers in his hand, stretched cold and breathless on Leonora’s grave.

FINIS.

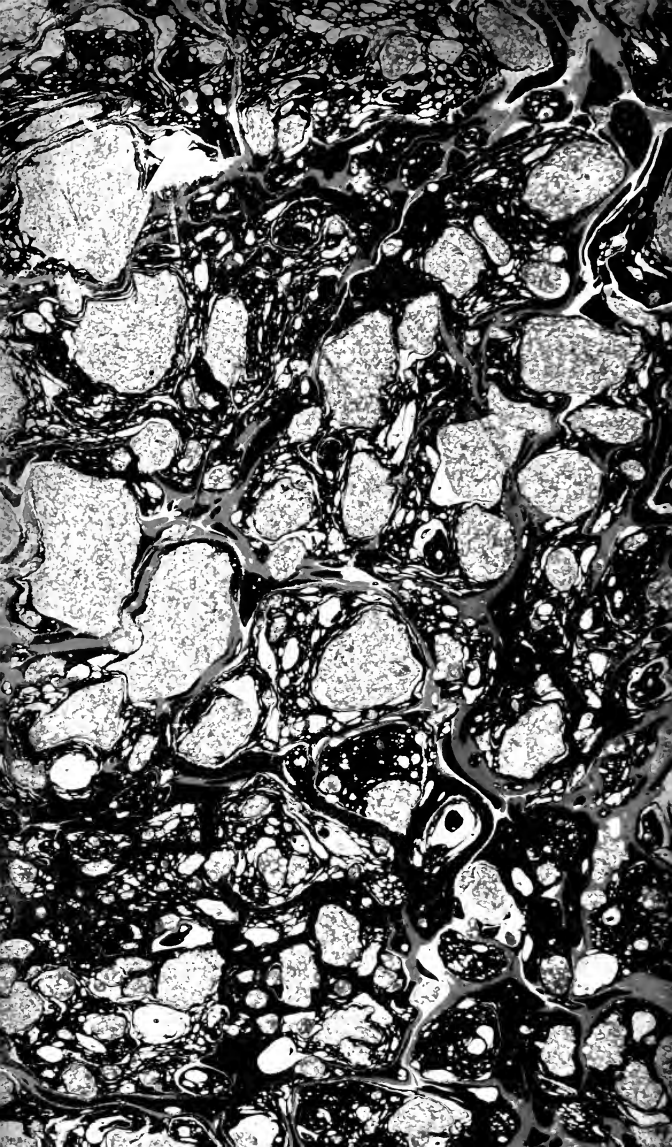


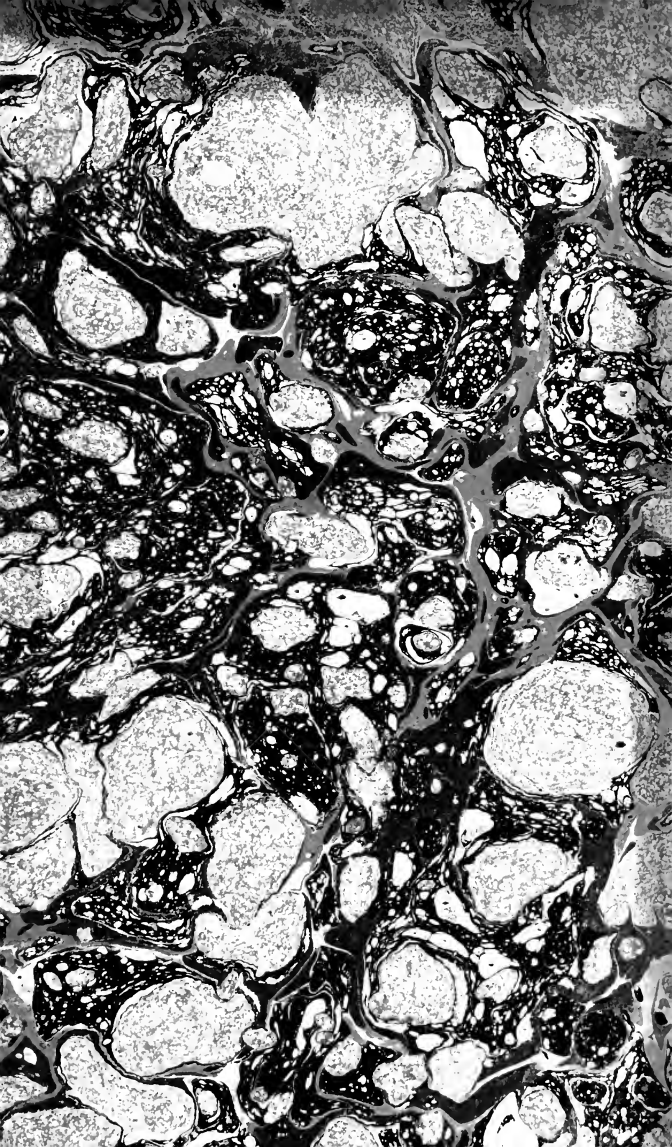












UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 056502179